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MARCH 31, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

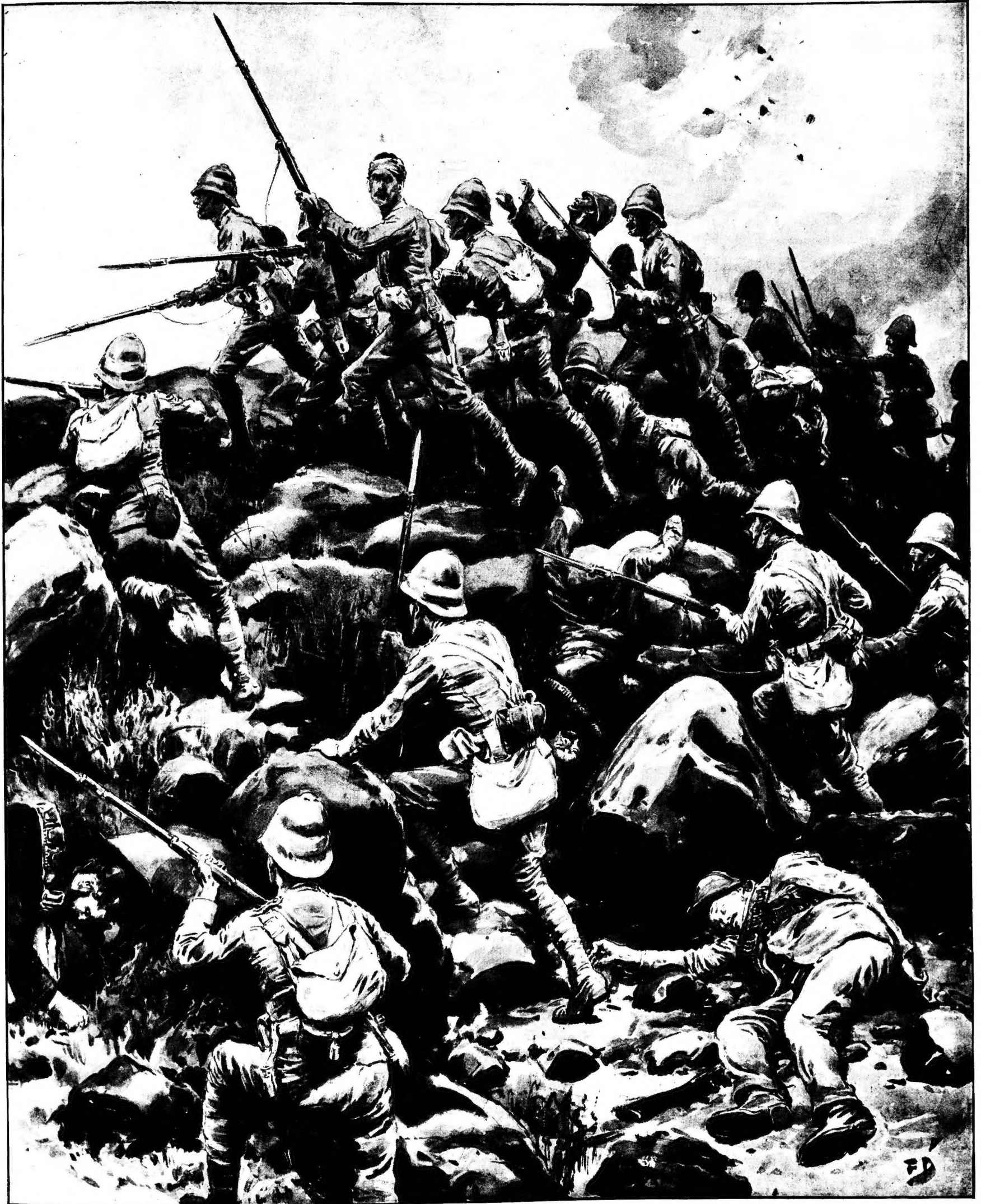
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900

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DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

On the anniversary of Majuba, the Boer position on Pieter's Hill was successfully stormed and carried. The brunt of the engagement was borne by Colonel Kitchener's Brigade, who carried the main position in the centre in splendid style. The Royal Lancasters led the assault. The enemy stuck in their trenches in the Nek with rigid determination, and only threw up the sponge when our men were right on them. Lyddite shells searched the whole place, and some of our own men felt the effects of these as they rushed forward. The onslaught was so irresistible that it apparently paralysed the Boers, for they sent a very irregular fire into the attacking party. Those of the enemy who kept on firing and refused to lay down their arms were bayoneted in the trenches. The Royal Lancasters rushed over the Nek and carried trench after trench.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH: THE LAST POSITION CARRIED BY THE ROYAL LANCASTERS

Topics of the Week

The Hopes of the Boers

WHAT with public meetings in all the leading British towns in South Africa, interviews with Cape and Natal politicians, and the early arrival of the Boer Peace Mission in Europe, it is clear that the Settlement controversy will be in full swing long before the Generals have cleared the ground for the work of Reconstruction. For yet six months the Boers count on being able to prolong the war. The lessons of Ladysmith they are about to apply to themselves. In the same way that the resistance of Ladysmith prevented the Boers from overrunning Natal, they seem to think that a stand at Kroonstad may save the Transvaal from invasion for a sufficient time to enable diplomacy to secure for them better terms. How far this calculation is well-founded is a question for the military experts. That a prolongation of the war for six months will result in the modification of the annexationist policy of the British Government is, however, very unlikely. Such a modification can only come from overpowering external pressure, and on this point the Powers have already stated their decision in terms which should leave the Boers no room for hope. In 1870 M. Thiers made a tour of Europe on a mission similar to that which has now been confided to Messrs. Wolmarans, Fischer, and Wessels, but without success. Where the eloquence and genius of the French statesman failed, it is not likely that the tactics of the Boer diplomatists will succeed. If the task before them depended on the degree of sympathy they can excite, the issue of their mission might be in doubt. All over Europe there is a great deal of mistaken sympathy for the cause of Boer independence. It is not, however, on the question of the merits of the policy announced by Great Britain that the Powers have resolved not to interfere, but solely because such interference would bring about complications which they are anxious at all hazards to avoid. There is, we are told, another hope at the back of the heads of the statesmen of Pretoria and Kroonstad. It is that some pending international controversy, such as the Dardanelles question or the French Shore question in Newfoundland, may be intrigued into a state of crisis, and that in this way the policy of Great Britain in South Africa may be rendered difficult, if not completely paralysed. This is a very remote contingency. Russia is too well satisfied with the present state of the Dardanelles question to desire that it should be reopened in any form, while France has long had, and still has, the option of arbitration on the Newfoundland dispute, and were she, in a moment of sudden caprice, to finally resolve on a settlement by other means it is very doubtful whether she would obtain any support. In short, the hopes of the Boers are based on a contingency which the whole statesmanship of Europe is unanimous in desiring to circumvent. It is only through another war, or by means of an intervention which would be the signal for war, that the pressure on the Dutch Republics might conceivably be relaxed, and this is a catastrophe for which no one of the Great Powers is prepared. If the Boers are wise they will endeavour to come to terms promptly and directly with Downing Street. So far, the general feeling is that, provided there is annexation, other issues should be dealt with in a generous and lenient spirit. This feeling, however, may not stand the strain of an intrigue against our friendly relations with other Powers. Already the clamour for retribution is loud all over Cape Colony and Natal. The Boers should be wary not to stimulate a similar agitation in this country.

The Royal Visit to Ireland

ALL appearances happily go to indicate that the Queen's approaching visit to Ireland will prove a monumental success within the four corners of her wise purpose. Her Majesty has, throughout her long and splendid reign, held herself strictly aloof from party politics; the question of Home Rule has, consequently, no place whatever in her visiting programme. She crosses the Irish Channel solely to pay the highest compliment in her power to the fellow-countrymen of the brave soldiers who have been pouring out their blood

like water for the upholding of her Empire. There was never any doubt, of course, that they would do that; he would be a very degenerate Irishman who, with an armed foe in front of him, did less than his very uttermost to make that particular "croppy" lie down. But throughout the whole campaign the gallantry and, we regret to say, the losses of the Irish regiments have been so exceptional that the august head of the Army had solid reason to give them recognition in an exceptional manner. Here in England, the Queen has been able to testify her admiration for British valour and her sympathy with British suffering by her recent visits to Netley and Woolwich, as well as in many other ways. But to impart roundness and completeness to her kindly scheme of gratitude, it was, she considered, essential to risk her health by crossing over to Ireland, there to give thanks in person to the section of her subjects which yields such magnificent fighting material to her combative forces.

The Eurasian Question

THE "straight-talk" administered by Lord Curzon to the Eurasian deputation which laid before him the alleged grievances of half-caste society is not, we fear, likely to do much good. Unfortunately these people scorn any employment which Europeans prefer to leave to natives. That was all very well when the Eurasian enjoyed a practical monopoly of clerkships and other subordinate offices in the public service. But the educated natives have gradually shouldered him out of that old preserve, while he cannot bring himself to retaliate by becoming a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water. His chief aspiration just now is to become a soldier, but on that question there is still broad antagonism of opinion between the Government and its military advisers. Five Viceroys in succession, including Lord Curzon himself, have declared in favour of creating a regiment exclusively recruited from this class. But the same number of Commanders-in-Chief have taken the opposite view, their idea being that a Eurasian battalion would be as discontented in quarters as inefficient in war. Another grave difficulty besetting the whole question is that the community, while nominally a separate and united section, is subdivided almost *ad infinitum*. There is no more touch nor sympathy between those who, having got on in the world, disclaim their mixed origin, and endeavour to pass as pure-blooded Englishmen, and the Portuguese half-castes who abound in Bombay, than between Brahmins and Pariahs. Yet both are at one in speaking contemptuously of the native races, who, in their turn, regard the Eurasian as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor even good red herring.

"More Grammar."

MANY people will, no doubt, consider the programme of teaching traced by the Primate in his address at Rugby as over-ambitious in regard to grammar. Yet there is much sound sense in his opinion that a good grounding in grammar, if imparted at elementary schools, would be of very great help in bringing the classes and the masses closer together. As matters stand, they speak almost different languages; in some parts of London it is extremely difficult for the educated mind to understand the meaning of talk casually overheard in the streets. So far, therefore, the Archbishop's counsel has much to recommend it for adoption. But it is, unhappily, a very common thing for working-class children to forget everything learned at school, and we fear that grammar would be among the first to be thus dismissed as useless knowledge. Moreover, very few boys or girls take up its study with real relish; most of us have unpleasant recollections of Latin grammar, on which the Primate bestows such prodigal praise. Again, while the learning of grammar might, in some cases, be of much help in after life to those possessed of other gifts for getting on, we rather question its profitableness apart from such gifts. It certainly does not conduce to better citizenship, while though it might improve the quality of demagogic eloquence, there is the dismal possibility that it might also increase the supply of that undesirable commodity.

The Court

THE QUEEN is spending a quiet week at Windsor before her visit to Ireland, and, therefore, has not undertaken any public duty since her day at Woolwich. Her Majesty's inspection of the Herbert Hospital produced a tremendous display of enthusiasm throughout Woolwich and the neighbourhood, and the Queen was thoroughly delighted with her visit. Accompanied by Princesses Christian and Victoria, Her Majesty was wheeled through the various wards to see the sick and wounded returned from the war. The Queen spoke to all the worst cases separately, giving each flowers brought from Windsor, and had a kindly word for nearly all the 400 invalids. Numerous visitors have been entertained at Windsor this week. The Bishop of Ripon preached on Sunday before the Royal party, and the Queen had the East Terrace open to the public on Sunday afternoon, whilst two military bands played opposite the Royal apartments. Her Majesty leaves Windsor for Ireland next Monday, and will sleep on board the Royal yacht in Holyhead Harbour. The Irish Channel will be crossed on Tuesday, and the night spent in Kingstown Harbour, the entry into Dublin taking place on Wednesday. The Prince and Princess of Wales remain in town for the present, but intend to go to Sandringham for the Easter holidays. The Prince went down to Newmarket for a day's sport at his favourite shooting ground, Six Mile Bottom, and has since been occupied with function connected with the war, such as an inspection of the Sharpshooters' Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

ONE of the most attractive free shows of Fleet Street came to an end the other day by the removal of the *Punch* office to Bouverie Street. Had it existed in the time of Jonas Chuzzlewit I imagine that he would have given it a high place in his list of gratuitous exhibitions, and would have encouraged his cousins, Cherry and Merry Pecksniff, to flatten their noses against the panes of 85, Fleet Street as long as they pleased. It must be over fifty years since *Mr. Punch* established his fascinating window in Fleet Street, and I don't know how that busy thoroughfare will be able to get along without its merry gallery of pictures. Ever since I was tall enough to just reach the lowermost pane have I, from time to time, stopped and gazed upon the artistic treasures to be seen within. Here have I studied the various and wonderful work of John Leech, Richard Doyle, Charles Keene, and George du Maurier, and here have I delighted in the pictures of Sir John Tenniel and the clever artists of the present day. When one comes to think of it, it must be close upon half a century that Sir John has been a popular exhibitor in the aforesaid window, and yet we all look forward with the greatest delight to his cartoon every week.

There is another association connected with this pleasant corner shop under the shadow of St. Bride's Church, and that is with respect to a well-polished brass orifice, labelled "Punch's Letter-box." I recollect, as a boy, furtively popping contributions into this box, when nobody was looking, and then pretending to be very much absorbed in contemplating the pictures in the window. I was always very much surprised that the aforesaid jokes, drawings, or verses did not appear the following week, and I occasionally ventured within the office and bought a number to see what my luck had been. On one of these occasions I heard hearty laughter proceeding from the back room—I then had no idea that the editorial department was carried on at Bouverie Street—and I wondered whether it was the staff being more brilliant than usual, or perchance the editor himself roaring over my contribution. A glance, however, at the number showed me that the latter was not the case, for in those early days my efforts were very wisely excluded from the columns of *Punch*.

There seems to be much chronicling of the passing away of old landmarks just now, but I cannot refrain from alluding to another—which, by the way, is not unconnected with *Punch*. It is that in demolishing of the north side of the Strand, which is now taking place the house where Charles Keene at one time had his studio has just been pulled down. It was an ancient building of the Queen Anne period, possibly earlier, almost facing Surrey Street, and latterly had been refaced and partially rebuilt. You entered by a narrow, low doorway, and then found yourself in darkness; when you became accustomed to the gloom you espied a massive balustrade and a faint glimmering of daylight far above you. You seized the balustrade and literally felt your way upstairs. You made not a few stumbles, and if anybody happened to be coming down you probably ran into him. When the daylight improved and you came to a door that barred further progress, you stopped to take breath, and knuckled gaily on the panel.

A deep voice shouted "Come in!" and you found yourself in the most picturesque of studios, and there was Charles Keene bending over a table in the window and finishing a block for *Punch*. If he happened to want a model, and you were suitable, he would impress you into his service. Many a time have I enjoyed a chat with my old friend whilst he utilised me for some forthcoming humorous design. The room itself, and all its quaint corners and curious properties, was often reproduced by the artist, and frequently serves as a background to many of his subjects in *Punch*. I have a recollection of very pleasant times spent in this ancient room, and I can remember glee parties at which my friend's fine bass voice did excellent service. A number of recollections came crowding on my mind as I watched a stalwart navvy demolishing with his savage pick the front wall, while the air was misty with powdered mortar and the broken bricks came thundering to the ground.

It is satisfactory to find my note with regard to the new electric lamp-bearers—one can scarcely call such lofty standards lamp-posts—was premature. I do not think it necessary to apologise for what I said on the subject, for, in the present day, if you do not speak in time a possible grievance quickly becomes a permanent nuisance. But I see all these standards are being surrounded by narrow pavements with a post at each end. These form islands in the midst of the rushing stream of traffic in the wide streets which will be invaluable for the foot-passenger, and it is satisfactory that everlastingly splashed, inconsiderately chivied, and much juggernauted individual has received a little consideration at last. What with the new subways in the City and the refugees in the west, the pedestrian at last has a little chance of being comfortable in the London streets.

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Price ONE PENNY. Post Free, TWOPENCE.

THE SIEGE AND RELIEF OF LADYSMITH SPECIAL EXTRA NUMBER OF "THE GRAPHIC." EIGHTY PAGES.

Mr. W. T. MAUD, the Special Artist of "The Graphic," has been in Ladysmith throughout the siege from November 2 to February 28. During that time Mr. Maud was hard at work preparing Sketches for "The Graphic," which have now arrived in one big batch, and will be published in this Number, together with an enthralling narrative of the chief events of the siege and the sufferings of the besieged.

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The Herbert Hospital

THE QUEEN'S visit to the Herbert Hospital at Woolwich was a fitting recognition of quiet and unostentatious good work which has been going on at this Hospital for thirty years. Like the Hospital at Netley, the Herbert Hospital was the outcome of and the antidote to the deplorable lack of medical organisation which the Herbert Commission discovered after the Crimean War. The nation is sometimes accused of turning over to sleep again when a danger is once overpast, and of doing nothing to remove these faults out of which the danger arose. The Herbert Hospital by its efficiency is a testimony to the fact that in one department at any rate the country did something to reduce the scandals which the Crimean War revealed. It is built in seven "pavilions," five of which are complete little hospitals in themselves. They are divided into three medical pavilions on one side of the central library, reading-rooms, general offices, and two surgical pavilions on the other. It is a melancholy proof of the assertion sometimes made that "war costs more in diseased than in wounded men" that the medical wards are more crowded than the surgical wards. But both are filling up rapidly now, and immediately before the Queen's visit Lieutenant-Colonel Ulick Bourke, the principal medical officer, had to dispose of 150 cases fresh from Natal. To pass along the wards and to read the statements of cases at the head of the cots is to discover an epitome of the war. There are two men, one of Thorneycroft's Light Horse, who have lost their legs—one at Colenso, and the other on the further side of the Tugela. There are men who stormed Spion Kop, and men who were caught in the barbed wire of the river. Some old friends meet there who have not seen one another since the war began, but who have found their bullet on opposite sides of the tongue of Africa. Belmont, Enslin, Magersfontein, Koodoosberg (under Hector Macdonald), as well as Spion Kop, Vaal Krantz, and Ladysmith; these are names which are names of meaning to the men at Herbert Hospital, for they have fought and fallen there.

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THE GOLDEN PENNY.

A list of a few of the items in this week's number will be enough to prove this. First there is the

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF THE WAR, consisting of eight pages of stirring pictures. Then there is a great deal of matter of general interest.

WHY CHILDREN ARE AFRAID, AND WHAT THEY ARE AFRAID OF.

Interesting statistics gathered from 1,500 little folks, by Professor Arthur Macdonald. Illustrated.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT COOKHAM.

The gymnastics they have to perform to get their boat into the water and themselves into the boat, fully illustrated by photographs.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

NOTED FOOTBALL CLUBS. LXXII.—NEW BROMPTON.

"KRUGER'S CRUISER."

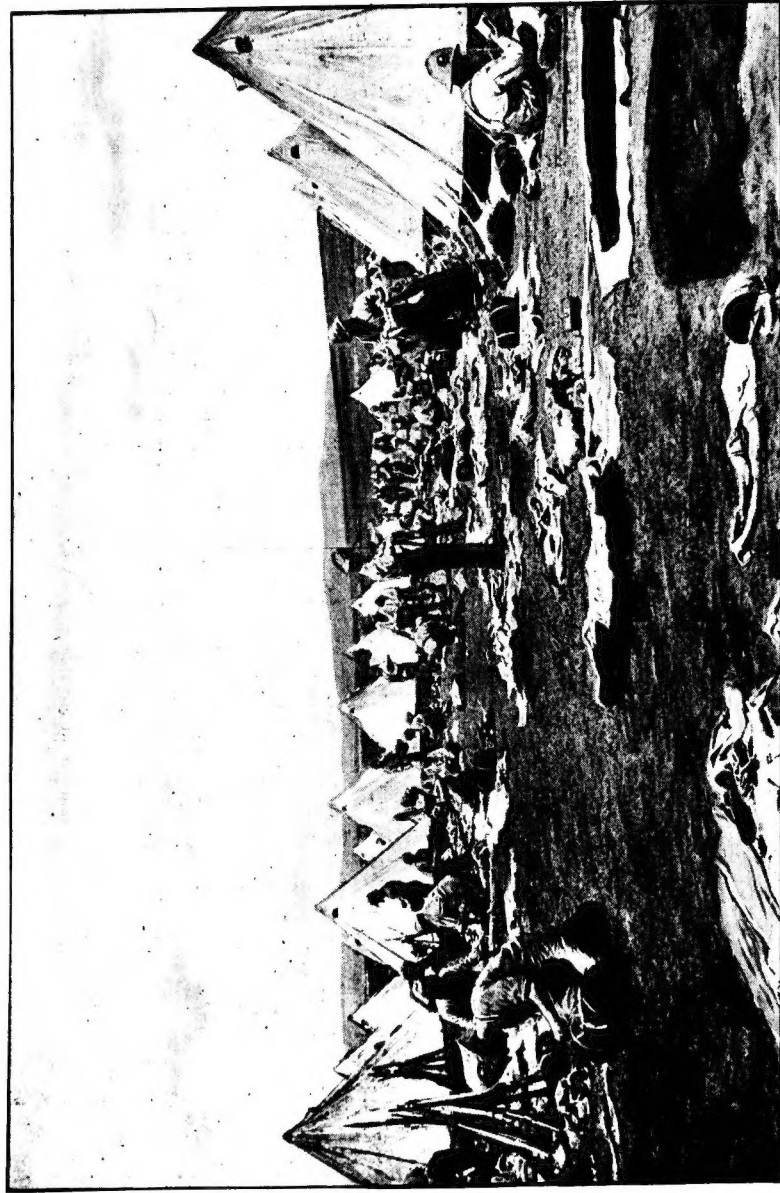
A further instalment of this rousing War Story written and illustrated by Major Field, R.M.

Puzzles, Anecdotes, Humorous Drawings.

A WEEK'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR A PENNY.

A GOLDEN PENNY

FOR A "BROWN 'UN."



This scene in Frere Camp is one which is often to be witnessed in a campaign in South Africa, where a heavy rain-storm leaves men and tents drenched. As soon as the storm is past everyone sets to work to spread out his belongings to dry. Our photograph is by a British officer.

CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA: DRYING CLOTHES AFTER A STORM.



An officer who was with Sir Charles Warren's force during the advance on Ladysmith sent this photograph. Describing the scene, he wrote:—"To get the mules with the ammunition carts across a drift was no easy matter, if the animals took it into their heads that they did not like the job. But the Kafir drivers with long whips managed to break down the obstinacy of the mules with a little gentle persuasion."

"A LITTLE GENTLE PERSUASION"



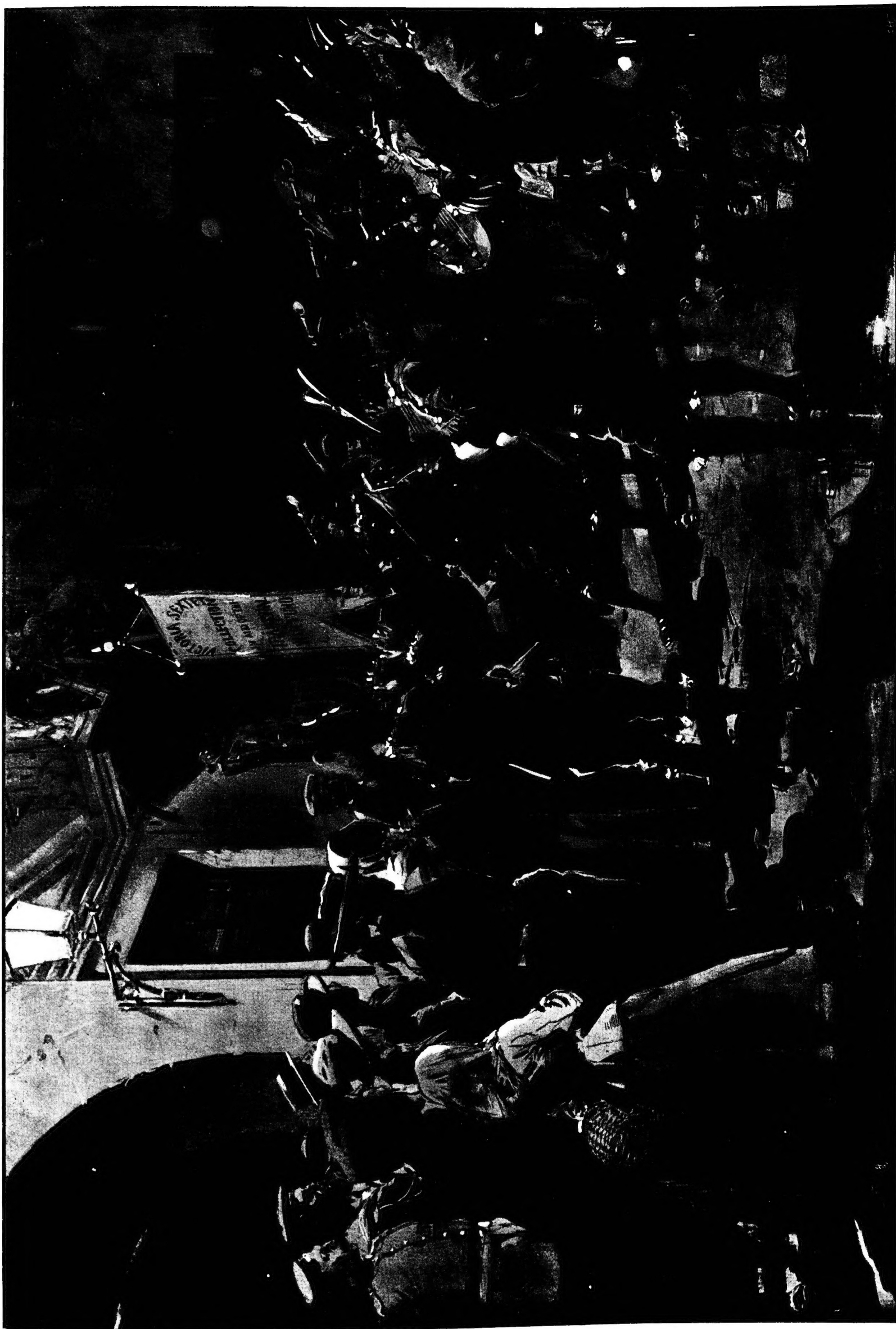
This photograph, sent to us by a British officer, shows the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, with the Ladysmith Relief Column, waiting to advance. Behind them were the Artillery shelling the Boer position.

WAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE



The 1st Lancashire Fusiliers have been doing splendid work with Sir Charles Warren. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by a British officer, shows the men in trenches just after daybreak.

OUTPOSTS OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS LINING TRENCHES



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

The news of the relief of Ladysmith was received at "Gib." with indescribable enthusiasm. The town was decked with flags. All the shops were closed. The bells of the cathedral and other churches were joyfully pealed. The inhabitants telegraphed their congratulations

to Generals Buller and Buller. A procession of Spanish students, in their quaint costumes, paraded the town. The young men, who all were masks, were headed by a banner stating that they were collecting money for the War Fund, and each student carried

a guitar or banjo or other musical instrument. The wooden spoon in the hat is the badge of a poor student

IN AID OF THE WAR FUND: A PROCESSION OF SPANISH STUDENTS IN GIBRALTAR

FROM A SKETCH BY FRED AIREY, R.N.



While the crowd was awaiting the arrival of the Queen, much attention was devoted to little Master Sharp, a smart little fellow, riding a Shetland pony, arrayed in khaki, after the style of a Colonial trooper, with cartridge belt, putties, and a felt hat turned up one side. A bouquet of purple orchids was in the boy's hands,

and they were for the Queen. On Her Majesty's arrival, the little man dismounted and presented the bouquet, with the greatest sangfroid, to his Sovereign.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE HERBERT HOSPITAL, WOOLWICH: AN INCIDENT AT THE ARSENAL STATION

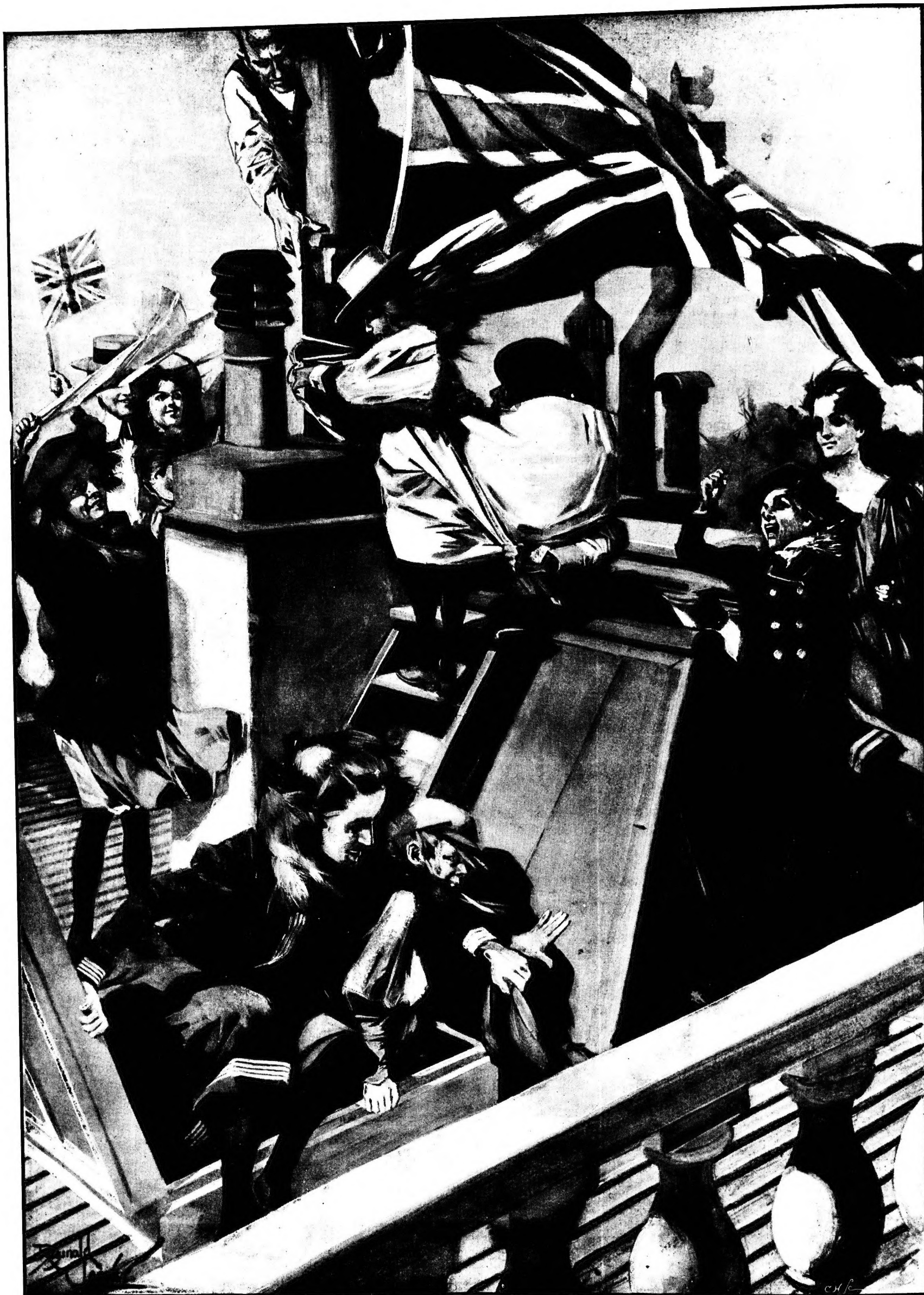
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



Once more the Queen has shown the deep interest she takes in the welfare of her soldiers, and her visit to the Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, gave the greatest delight to the men who have been sent home wounded. Her Majesty went round the wards in her wheeled chair. To each patient she asked something to say. She asked to what regiment they belonged, and in what engagement they were wounded. And then Her Majesty gave to each a little bunch of flowers which she had brought with her from Frogmore, so when the visit was over each man had a pretty souvenir of the Queen's graciousness. Her Majesty was only able to visit two surgical wards, in which were sixty-four men.

THE QUEEN AND HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS: HER MAJESTY AT THE HERBERT HOSPITAL, WOOLWICH

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG



"Isn't it splendid about Ladysmith? We got the news about 11 o'clock on Thursday morning. After dinner we all went upon the roof and tied the Union Jack to the highest chimney-pot."—Extract from a Schoolgirl's letter home

CELEBRATING LADYSMITH DAY AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

The great vulture of the hills, the "Aasvogel," is a common sight in South Africa. Both at Magersfontein and at Modder River, these scavengers of the battlefield were seen soaring over the kopjes. It is the same bird as the griffon vulture of Southern Europe, almost the largest of the flesh-eating birds of the Old World.

A BLOW FOR A FALLEN FRIEND: A SCENE ON THE MODDER RIVER

FROM A SKETCH BY "H. E."

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

IN his "Forty-one Years in India" Lord Roberts devotes a page and a half to the painful case of an anonymous war correspondent, whom he was at last obliged to expel from his camp and send to the rear as a just punishment for the gross misrepresentations and deceitfulness in which he habitually indulged during the Afghan Campaign of 1879. But at Bloemfontein the colleagues of this "expelled correspondent" are in clover. For in addition to supplying their own newspapers at home with intelligence, they have been asked by "Bobs"—and Mr. Rudyard Kipling has now joined the editorial number—to superintend the bringing out in the Free State capital of a journal which, more truthful and less facetious than *The Lyre (Liar) of Ladysmith*—shall act as the medium of counterblasts to the ridiculous mendacities with which the republican "subjects" of the "late" President Steyn continue to be deluded as to the course of the war.

Then, again, the Commander-in-Chief has greatly relaxed, if not entirely abolished, the censoring of letters—as an officer writes from the front: "The war correspondent will hold a much freer and more dignified position with the Army from now on. Letters will not be censored. Lord Roberts says that any criticisms will be read by him with great interest. He is big enough to feel that his actions may speak for themselves." Yes, but while letters are thus relieved from the censorship of the Russian blacking-out kind which was so freely practised in Lord Methuen's camp, a certain restriction continues to be still imposed on war correspondence by wire with an eye, mainly, to the mystification of the enemy's Intelligence Department, if they have such a thing. It follows that if the Boers are to be kept in the dark as to our movements and intentions at the front, we ourselves, here in the rear, must to a great extent share their perplexing ignorance, and that is why, for the last fortnight, we have only been able to see as through a glass darkly, and why the "fog of

guns," though there is little or nothing else to justify this assumption that Snyman, the successor of Cronje as the besieger of "B.-P.," had at last seen the wisdom of relaxing the grip of his "iron cordon" round the gallant little garrison. Uncertainty, as is only natural, prevails throughout the entire seat of war; but Mafeking is the only place which now excites our solicitude, and the curious thing is that the situation here is dominated by sentiment on both sides.

For, from the military point of view, the Boers would gain little or nothing by taking Mafeking; while, on the other hand, we should lose just as little by its surrender. One way or the other, its fate will not have the least influence on the issue, or even the course, of the campaign. But the Boers are just as pig-headed—*tenaces propositi*—as we are loyal and chivalrous, and they reason that the capture of Mafeking, from the point of view of military *morale*, would countervail the depressing effect produced by the relief of Ladysmith, the "Sedanning" of Cronje, and the occupation of Bloemfontein. Meanwhile, pending the fall of Mafeking as a source of fresh moral courage to the Boer forces, they have been solemnly assured by their Presidents that, whereas the Federals lost less than 1,000 men, the British sadly confess the loss of 64,000; that our Empire is tottering to its fall owing to the occupation of London by the Russians; that the time is not far distant when the European Powers will step forward with a thunder-toned "Hold, enough!" to the sacrilegious spoliators of burgher liberty and right, and that they had only now reached the beginning of the war which would "result in the independence of the Republics being retained"—a war, it may be added, which has already brought about a diminution of the Boer forces by about 23,000 men in killed, wounded, prisoners, and those who have already laid down their arms, leaving them a residue of 37,000 combatants at the most, as against the overwhelming field armies at the disposal of Lord Roberts, totalling well on to 200,000 men. But it is very difficult to get at the Boer figures, seeing that their bulletins are just as "expansive" as their bullets. One day at Pretoria it was "officially" admitted that the total Boer loss "up

things by the restoration of General Hector Macdonald, recovered of his wound received at Paardeberg, to the command of the Highland Brigade) was busying himself at Bloemfontein with the recuperation of his army as well as with plans for the capture of the northward marching Boer forces of Olivier, De Post, and others, who retired, or rather fled, before the advancing columns of Clements, Gatacre, and Brabant. Denser than in the west was the fog of war which enveloped the movements and intentions of General Buller in Natal, though his establishment of a new hospital of 600 beds at Estcourt seemed to point at the early resumption of hostilities on his part—with greater circumspection, let us hope, than was displayed by the four officers of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, forming part of Lord Roberts's army, who, armed only with revolvers attempted to rush a kopje occupied by rifle-wielding "Zarps" from Johannesburg, with results to themselves which caused Lord Roberts to refer to the affair as an "unfortunate occurrence."

Second Lieutenant Robert Stewart Popham of the 1st Battalion the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), who only joined the army in May last, is the gallant young officer who saved the Bethulie waggon bridge over the Orange River from destruction on Monday last. "For the last day or two," said the telegram dated the 14th inst. which gave an account of the feat, "the Boers had been engaged in mining Bethulie waggon bridge over the Orange River, the operation being carried out under a heavy shell fire from our artillery. Under cover of our guns Lieutenant Popham of the Derbyshires performed a truly gallant deed. Notwithstanding the hail of shot and shell, he managed to cross the bridge unobserved by the enemy, and cut the connecting wires for firing the mines, thus rendering the plans of the Boers abortive."

Lieutenant Popham's gallant exploit at Bethulie waggon bridge, performed in broad daylight, was rivalled at night by Captain Grant, an Engineer officer, who traversed the bridge in spite of the Boer guards and removed the dynamite charges from the mine-borings which the enemy had so carefully prepared, thus putting a final touch to the splendid act of Lieutenant Popham and the spirited defence of the bridge by the Derbyshires. Captain Philip Gordon Grant, the hero of this deed, served in the operations in Chitral with the Relief Force in 1895. He is thirty years of age, and



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR F. CARRINGTON
Commanding the Rhodesian Field Force



LIEUTENANT POPHAM
One of the Officers who saved Bethulie Bridge
from destruction



CAPT. P. G. GRANT
One of the Officers who prevented the destruction
of Bethulie Bridge



MAJOR V. C. M. SELLHEIM
Who rescued a soldier from the Modder River

war" has again descended on the theatre of hostilities from Mafeking to Maritzburg.

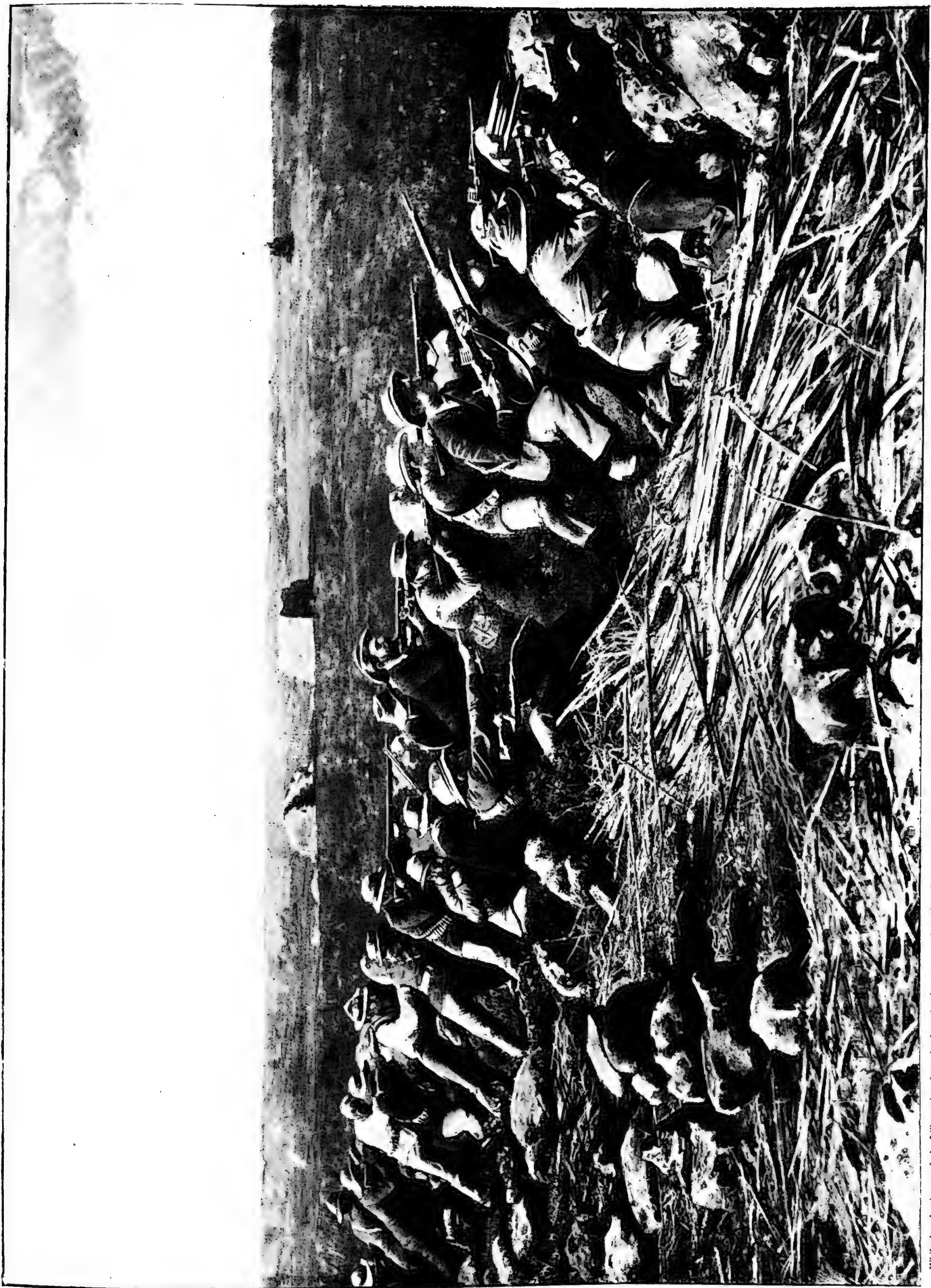
As to Mafeking, we know from both Lord Roberts and Lady Sarah Wilson that it was "all right" up to the 12th inst.; but the besieged have naturally an interest in dissembling as to their true state. Nevertheless, reading between the lines of the despatches which have come through, we can infer that "B.-P.'s" gallant little garrison is beginning to feel the pinch of its Boer strait jacket quite as much as the defenders of Ladysmith before their relief. "News of the relief of Ladysmith," wrote Lady Sarah on the 14th inst., "was received yesterday, but, while giving the greatest satisfaction, it must be confessed that all the more the civilian portion of the garrison feel disappointed at there being no immediate prospect of the relief of this town. They have been night and day on trench duty for six months, and the wet weather has contributed much to their discomfort. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that the men have become worn out. The town remains closely invested, and the Boers are reported to be very numerous and strongly entrenched between us and Colonel Plumer's small force, whose progress we, of course, know of. The native food question has also received careful consideration. Soup, composed of horseflesh and of meal, is sold to the well-to-do and given free to the indigent, but some die of starvation owing to their prejudice against horseflesh." The town, said Lady Sarah, remains "closely invested;" and yet Baden-Powell himself, reporting about the same date, said that "during the past few days the enemy's cordon had been much relaxed"—contradictory assurances which only tend to thicken the "fog of war" prevailing in those parts. But even in spite of this fog one thing is clear, namely, that Colonel Plumer advancing from the north—with how many men, for even his figures are enveloped in fog?—could only reach Pitsani—the "jumping off" point of the Jameson Raid—and had then to retire, with considerable loss, to Gaberones. "It is thought," said one correspondent, "that the Boer demonstration to the north of Mafeking is to cover the removal of their siege

to date" was 4,300 odd, while a week later this aggregate rose to 7,700 (apart from prisoners, 6,000), and thousands of those who have laid down their arms to Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts. With characteristic energy the former lost no time in stamping out Dutch rebellion in the Prieska parts, after which he hastened to rejoin his chief at Bloemfontein—who had meanwhile been banqueting the foreign military attachés and receiving from them, through the mouth of their Russian colleague, the highest encomiums on his "magnificent march" to the Free State capital; though we at home would have been more rejoiced to hear that the conqueror of Khartoum, after stamping out rebellion in the West, had been sent to take charge of the Kimberley column for the relief of Mafeking. That Colonel Plumer's force will effect this relief can scarcely now be hoped for; and the "fog of war" already referred to is thickest over the composition and plan of operations of the Kimberley-sent column for the rescue of Baden-Powell, which seemed to own an allegiance to Colonel Peakman and Lord Methuen, of whom a private, writing from Modder River Camp, says:—"There is not a name more loved by our men in this division than that of Methuen. He has shown himself a leader worthy of being trusted." Nevertheless, his lordship seemed to experience considerable difficulty in brushing away the Boer opposition to his Kimberley-ward advance over the Vaal at Fourteen Streams—where the "fog of war" again settled down in a particularly dense form. Yet through it could be seen a twinkling light, as of the star of hope, in the shape of Lord Roberts's promise to Baden-Powell, conveyed to him soon after the Field-Marshal's first arrival on the Modder River, that if he could but hold out a week or two longer, he would assuredly send him help. The relief of Kimberley came upon us all with the force of a great surprise, and so it may also be with the relief of Mafeking, for "Bobs" is not a man to babble of his plans beforehand, and the Methuen-Peakman demonstration at Fourteen Streams may be a mere device to distract the attention of the Boers from a line of advance more important to us. In the meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief himself (reinforced among other

entered the Royal Engineers twelve years ago, reaching his present rank in February of last year. Our portrait is by R. Ellis, Malton.

Major Victor C. M. Sellheim belongs to the Queensland Permanent Force and is extra A.D.C. to Lord Lamington. He is now attached to the Imperial troops in South Africa as special service officer. Major Sellheim, with three others, swam the Modder River to reconnoitre and ascertain where the Boer fire was coming from. This was done in the face of great danger, and then a dash was made for the river on the return journey. All negotiated the swift current successfully but one, and he was swept down. Major Sellheim, seeing the position, at once went to the man's rescue and, after a great struggle, brought him ashore.

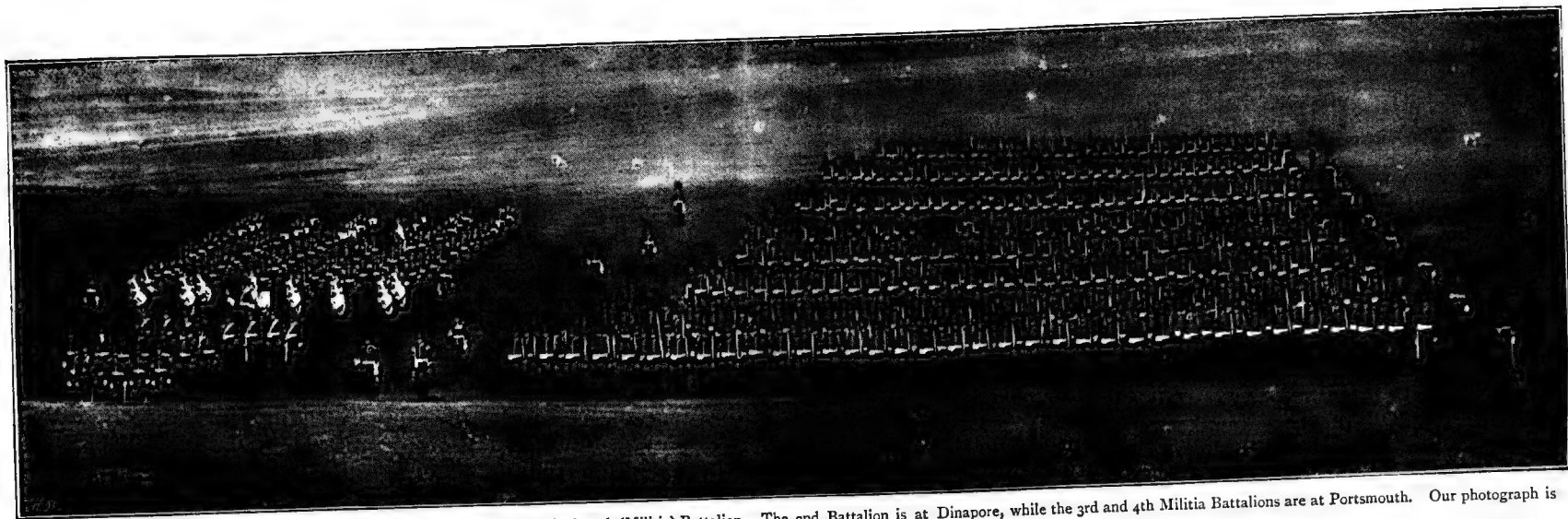
Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Carrington, who commands the Rhodesian Field Force for service in South Africa, has recently been in command of the Belfast District. General Carrington, who has had great experience of South African warfare, organised and commanded the Mounted Infantry in the expedition to the Diamond Fields in 1875, and "Carrington's Horse" (mounted infantry) at the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877. He served in the Kaffir War in the Transkei in 1877, and raised and commanded the "Frontier Light Horse," and was present in the engagement at Quintana and the subsequent operations in the Transkei and Perie Bush. General Carrington served next in the operations against Sekukuni in 1878-9, as Commandant of the Transvaal Volunteer Force, and commanded the advance guard and left attack at the capture of the stronghold. At the siege of Mafeking he commanded the Cape Mounted Rifles, and the Colonial Forces in Basutoland during the campaign against the Basutos in 1880-1. He was severely wounded in this campaign, and was mentioned in the Colonial despatches. He served with the Bechuanaland Expedition under Sir Charles Warren in 1884-5, in command of the 2nd Mounted Rifles, and in Zululand in 1888 as Commandant of Native Levies. In 1896 he commanded the forces during the operations in South Africa for the suppression of the rebellion in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, and he received for his services in that campaign the K.C.B. and medal. It is understood that Sir Frederick Carrington's Field Force will operate in Northern Rhodesia, and will stop any trekking of members of the Free State or Transvaal, or rebels of Cape Colony into Rhodesian territory.



While there has been no lack of illustrations from the front showing our men in action, there have been very few published showing the enemy fighting. This photograph (by Van Hoepen) of the Boers in the trenches outside Mafeking is therefore of especial interest. Not only does it show the kind of men we are fighting, but it also shows their method of warfare. The rapidity with which they move to a new position and throw up trenches has been frequently commented on

THE SIEGE OF MAFKING: IN THE BOER TRENCHES

HER MAJESTYS IRISH REGIMENTS



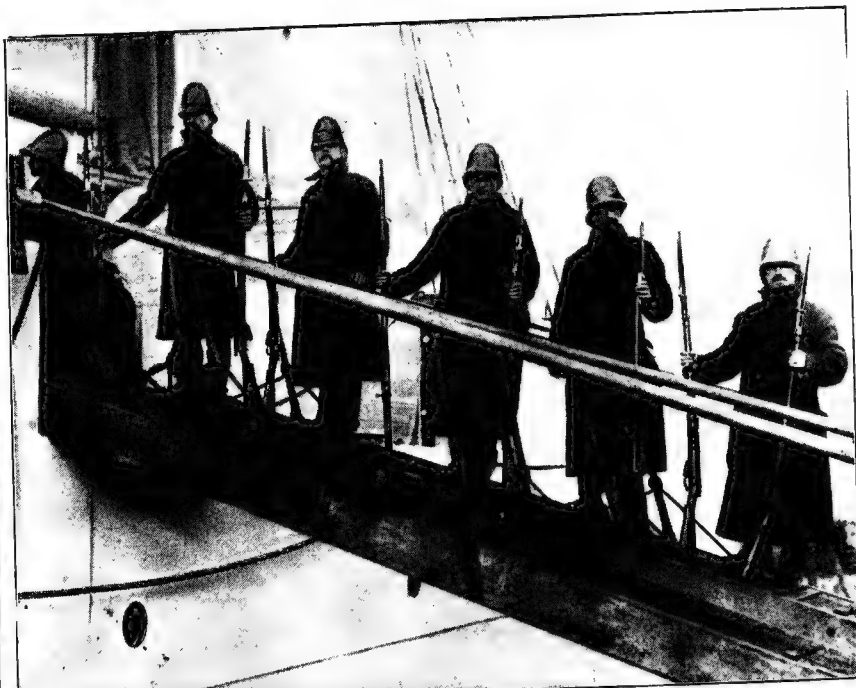
The 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers is now serving in South Africa, and so, too, is the 5th (Militia) Battalion. The 2nd Battalion is at Dinapore, while the 3rd and 4th Militia Battalions are at Portsmouth. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin

THE 1ST BATTALION ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS ON PARADE



The 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish (the old 18th Foot) is serving in General Clements' Brigade. The regiment dates back to the time of Charles II., and served with William III., with Marlborough, in the Crimea, in New Zealand, in Afghanistan, and the Nile Campaigns. Our photograph is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT



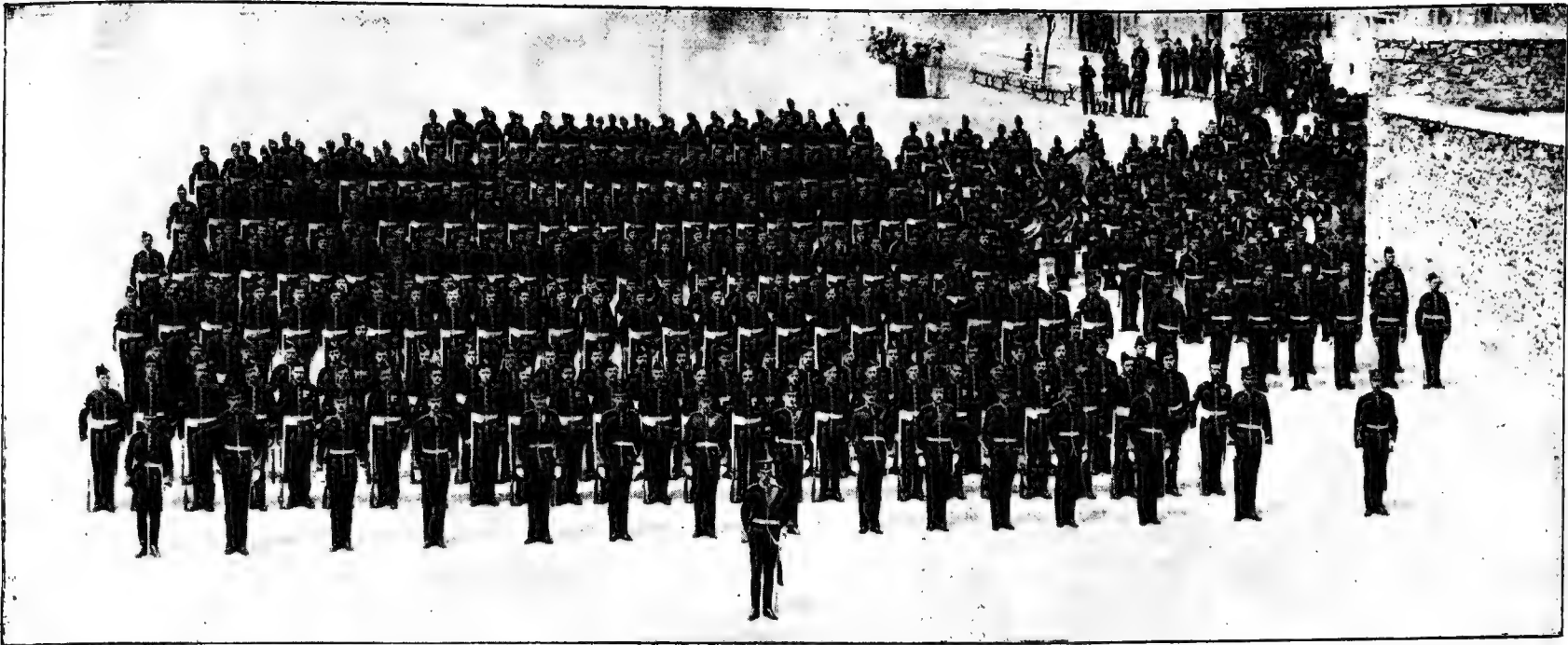
The 6th (Militia) Battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles is doing duty at Sheffield, but a number of the men volunteered for service with the 1st Battalion in South Africa, and embarked on the s.s. *Avoca*. Our photograph is by W. Gregory and Co., Strand

THE 6TH BATTALION ROYAL IRISH RIFLES EMBARKING FOR THE CAPE



Lieutenant-Colonel L. G. Brooke commands the 1st Battalion of the Connaught Rangers, which is with Sir Redvers Buller. This photograph was taken when the regiment was at Athlone and Lord Roberts was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin

LORD ROBERTS, COLONEL BROOKE, AND OFFICERS OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS



The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers is the old 89th Foot, and is serving with Sir Redvers Buller, while the 1st Battalion, the old 87th, was with Sir George White in Ladysmith. Our photograph is by W. T. Mitchell, Dublin

THE 2ND BATTALION ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS ON PARADE



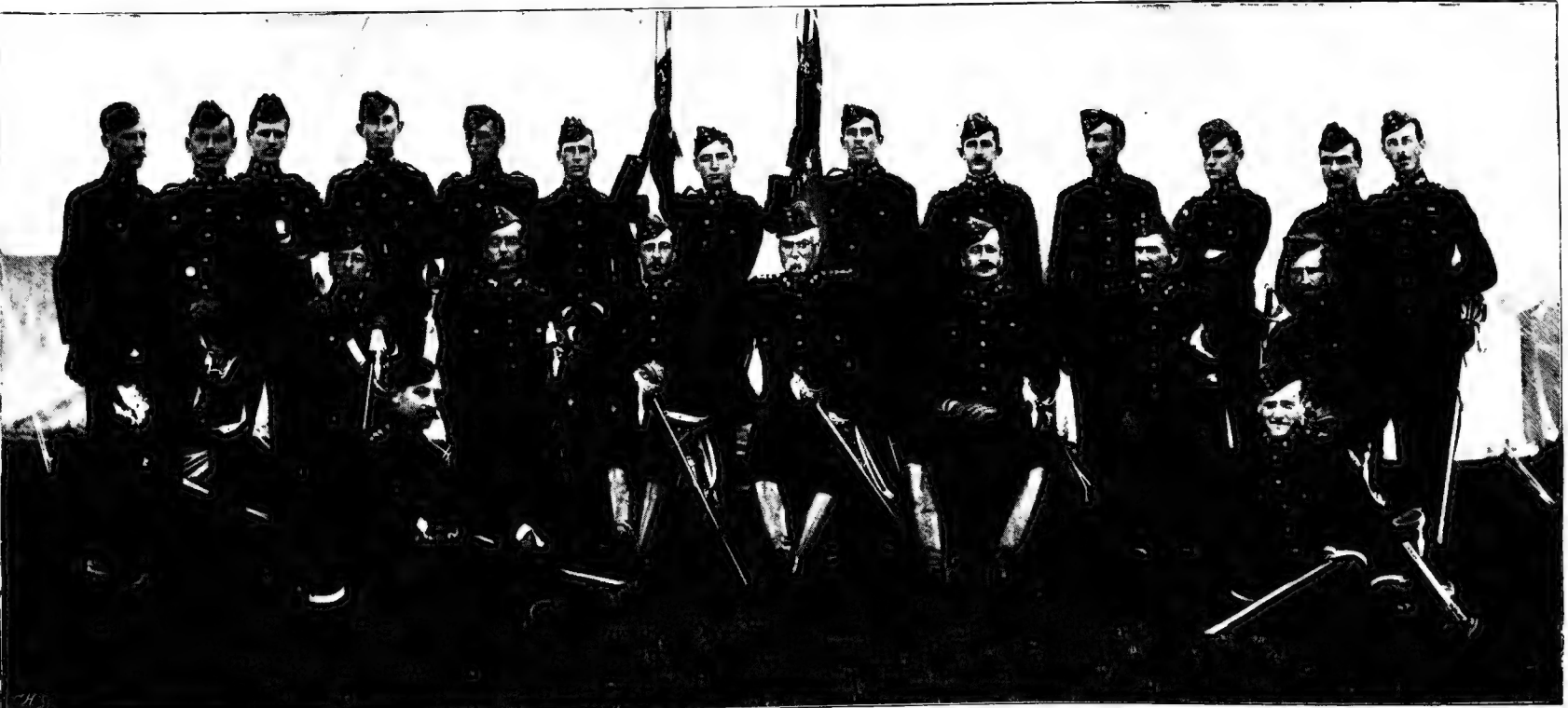
It is not often that four battalions of a regiment are paraded together. The two line battalions of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers are serving in South Africa. The 2nd Battalion was shut up with Sir George White in Ladysmith, and the 1st Battalion has been serving with Sir Redvers Buller. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th are Militia Battalions, being respectively the Kildare Militia, the Royal Dublin City Militia, and the Dublin County Militia. The 5th Battalion is now in South Africa, having volunteered for service. Our photograph is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin

FOUR BATTALIONS OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS PARADED AT THE CURRAGH



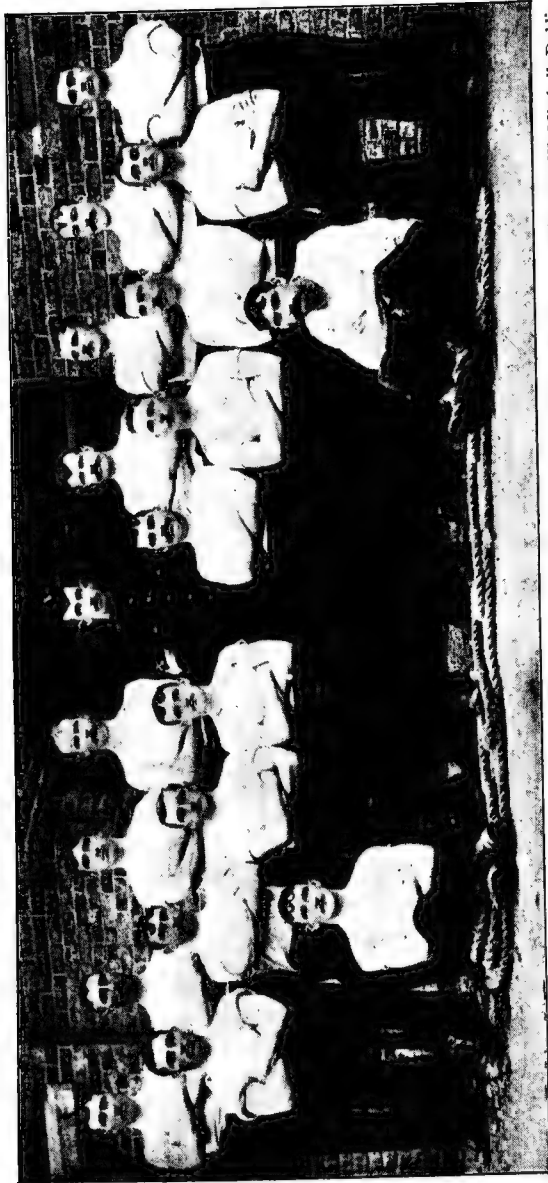
The 1st Battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers is serving with Sir Redvers Buller, and has had the misfortune to lose its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. M. G. Thackeray, who was killed during the operations on the way to Ladysmith. Our photograph is by Chancellor, Dublin

THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS ON PARADE



The 4th Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers is the Royal Dublin City Militia, which is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Morrison. Our photograph is by Chancellor, Dublin

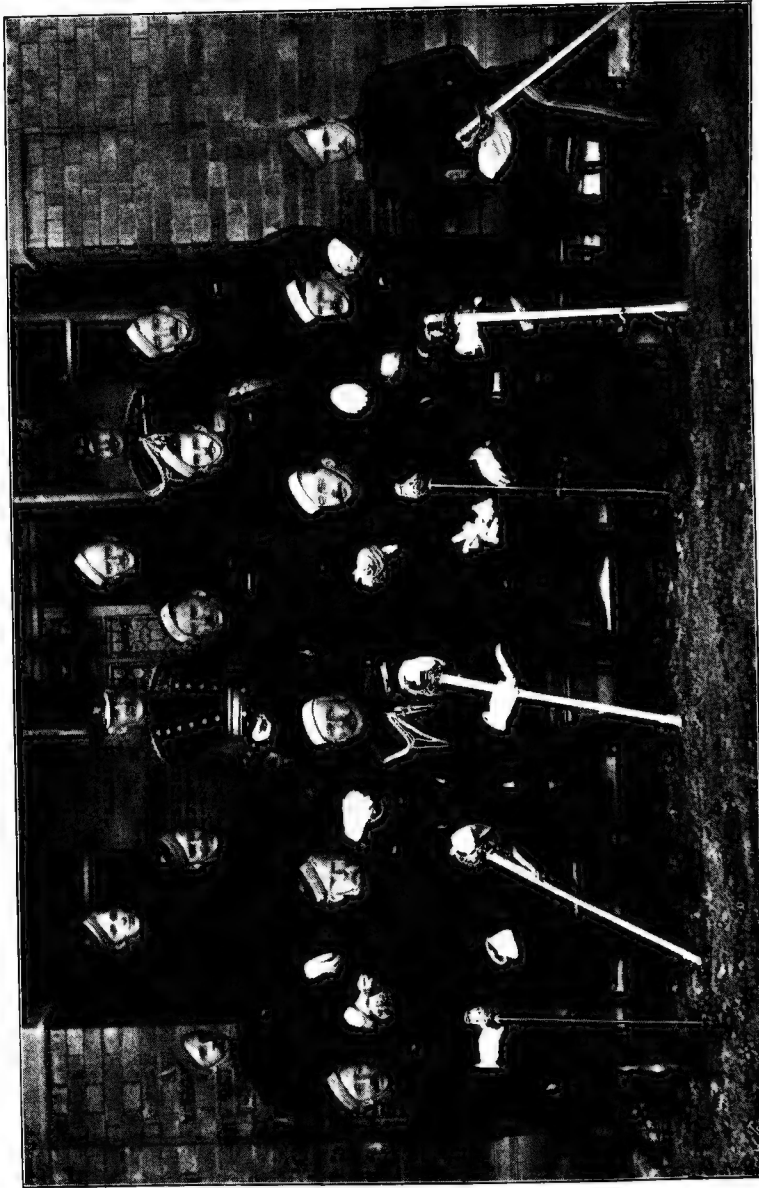
OFFICERS OF THE 4TH BATTALION OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS



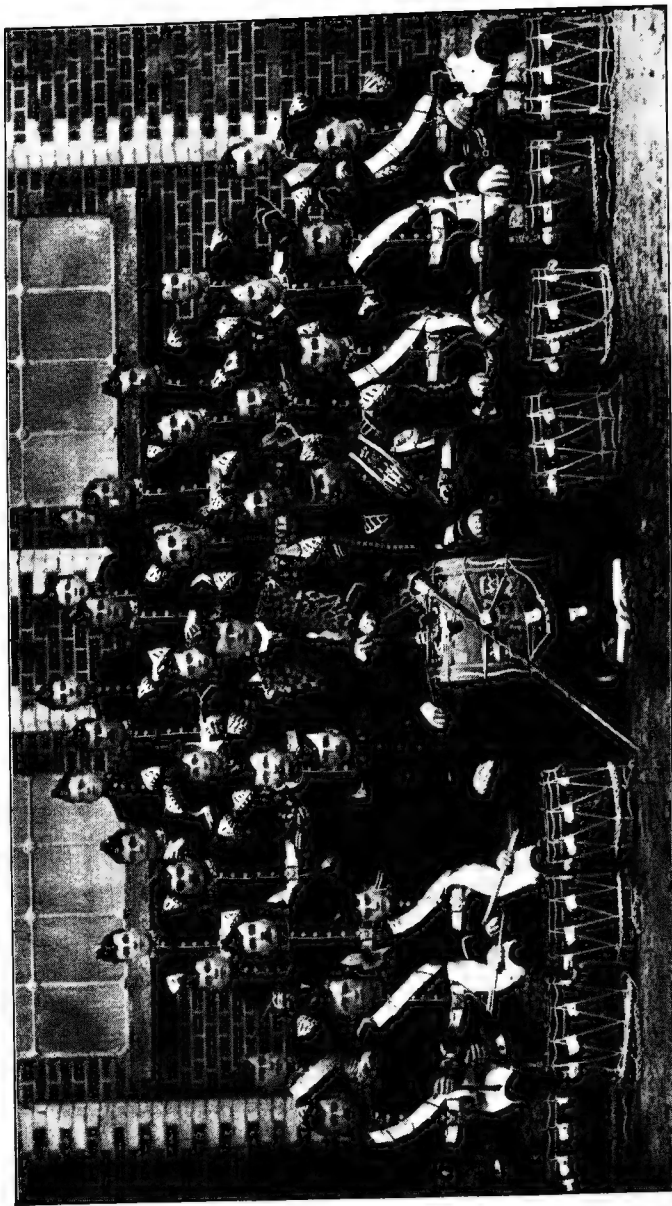
In the centre of this group of fine fellows is Colour-Sergeant Magee, who was killed at the battle of Colenso. Our portrait is by T. W. Mitchell, Dublin.
TUG-OF-WAR TEAMS OF THE 1ST ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS



This photograph was taken at Sebastopol. The Connaught Rangers bear "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sebastopol" on their colours. The 1st Battalion of the regiment is with Sir Redvers Buller.
OFFICERS OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE CRIMEA



The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons are serving with General French. The regiment formed part of the Inniskilling forces which did good service in the Irish War of William of Orange. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin.
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND THE OFFICERS OF THE 6TH INNISKILLING DRAGOONS



The 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment is in South Africa. It is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H. W. N. Guinness. The regiment won its motto, "Nanurensis virtutis primum," under William III. Our photograph is by T. W. Mitchell, Dublin.
THE DRUMMERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT

Irish Regiments at the Front

HOW THEY HAVE MADE HISTORY IN THE PAST

NEVER has a tribute been better deserved than has the recent gracious one of Her Majesty the Queen to her "brave Irish soldiers," who, ever since the outbreak of the present war in South Africa, have so gallantly and repeatedly distinguished themselves therein. This, however, is perhaps only natural, for if there is one thing in which the average Irishman excels it is in fighting. The most casual glance at the *Army List* will amply bear out this contention, for it is there shown that the glorious roll of "honours" emblazoned upon the colours of the different Irish corps in the British Service ranges from Blenheim to Burma, and from Arcot to Afghanistan. Altogether, there is scarcely a campaign of any note in all the host of those in which the Empire has been engaged, since the first formation of its standing Army, in which her Irish-raised troops have not played a conspicuous part.

Especially is this the case with regard to the present war in South Africa, for out of the sixteen Irish battalions included in the British infantry, no less than ten have already proceeded to "the front." These are, in order of precedence, the 1st Battalion the Royal Irish Regiment, the 1st Battalion the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the 2nd Battalion the Royal Irish Rifles, the 1st and 2nd Battalions the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 1st Battalion the Connaught Rangers, the 1st Battalion the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and the 1st and 2nd Battalions the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Raised in the year 1684, by Arthur, Earl of Granard, the Royal Irish Regiment is one of the oldest in the British Army, and, during its long career, has fought in nearly every quarter of the globe, from Blenheim to Tel-el-Kebir. Among the distinguished soldiers under whom it has served on many a hotly contested field have been Marlborough, Abercromby and Wolseley. The "regimental colour" of this fine corps has worked upon its folds a Sphinx and Dragon, in commemoration of its prowess in Egypt and China. It is also honoured by the fact that Lord Wolseley is its Colonel-in-Chief. During the present hostilities the 1st Battalion has been operating in the northern portion of the "strategical area." It has lately lost one of its officers, Captain French, in action at Gaborones.

Another regiment of long standing is the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, which, under the title of "Colonel Tiffin's Regiment," was first formed on January 1, 1690. Since those far-off days it has served all over the world, both in peace and war, and has ever given a remarkably good account of itself. At Waterloo it especially distinguished itself, leaving behind it on the field 500 men and every officer but one. It has also seen a good deal of active service in South Africa—prior to the present occasion—for it fought in the Kaffir War of 1835, and again in the Boer Campaign of 1841. During the progress of these latter hostilities it was once besieged for several weeks together near Durban by the forbears of those against whom it is so gallantly comporting itself at this moment. A fact of which the Inniskillings are particularly proud is that Sir George White, V.C., was once one of its officers, and went through the Indian Mutiny Campaign with them. In the present war the heroism of the regiment has been conspicuous, and its casualty list, resulting from the long list of engagements in which it has taken part, has been one of the heaviest as yet on record. Among the fallen officers, the killed in action include Lieutenant-Colonel Thackeray, Majors Charley and Sanders, and Captains Connor and McLachlan, while Captains Hancocks, Buckley, and Hassey, and Lieutenants Levenson and Best have been wounded.

Although the Royal Irish Rifles now wear the dark green uniform of the other Rifle regiments, they wore, at the time of their formation (1793), the scarlet tunic and white trousers of the infantry of the line. Under their first commanding officer, Major-General Cornelius Cuyler, the ranks of the corps were not recruited in Ireland at all, but in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. Another peculiar point in connection with the early history of the regiment is that its first duty was to act as Marines on board the fleet. In 1797, however, it reverted to its proper position, and furnished a garrison for Cape Town. From there it went in succession to India, Ceylon, and Egypt, where it took part in the capture of Cairo. While the 1st Battalion was thus winning its spurs in the land of the Pharaohs, the 2nd Battalion was busy making history in the Peninsula, under the leadership of Wellington. The same battalion is representing the regiment in South Africa at the present moment. In the disastrous affair at Stormberg last December it sustained heavy losses in its commissioned ranks, Lieutenant-Colonel Eager (since dead), Majors Welman and Seton, Captain Bell, and Lieutenant Stephen being wounded.

On the sudden occurrence of the national crisis that, towards the close of the last century, was occasioned by the outbreak of war between England and France, fifty additional infantry regiments were raised in Great Britain and Ireland. Among the officers commissioned by George III. to raise such corps was Lieutenant-Colonel John Doyle. The regiment that he organised was that which is now known as the Royal Irish Fusiliers. This was in the year 1793, and, almost immediately afterwards, the newly formed corps embarked for Flanders. Here, while garrisoning the town of Bergen-op-Zoom, it had rather an unfortunate experience, for, owing to the treachery of the Dutch inhabitants, 20,000 French troops managed to enter the town. Thereupon, the Fusiliers, who were the only British regiment in the garrison, were forced to capitulate. Fresh recruits, however, were speedily obtained, and the re-formed corps was soon covering itself with honour in the West Indies, at Monte Video and at Mauritius. Then came a prolonged spell of fighting in India, under such fine soldiers as Sir David Ochterlony and the Marquis of Hastings. In the meantime the 2nd Battalion (raised in Tipperary in 1804) was performing splendid service in the Peninsular Campaign, during which period one of its officers was Major Hugh Gough, afterwards the famous Lord Gough, G.C.B. Both battalions of the *Faugh-a-Ballagh*—as the regiment is universally known—are in South Africa just now, where their prowess in the fighting line has been most pronounced. As a result their losses have been exceptionally heavy. Among the officers who have figured in the "butchers' bill" for the various actions at Talana Hill, Nicholson's Nek, Dundee, Colenso, Ladysmith, and the recent passage of the Tugela, etc., in which the regiment has taken part, have been Majors Hill and Davison, Cap-

tains Brush, Dibley, Pike, Walley-Dod, Rice and Silver, and Lieutenants Carberry, Deverish, Dooner, Southey, Wortham, Knockner, Hamilton, Kavanagh, Welsh and Daly.

An Irish regiment at the front just now, with a good deal of previous experience of active service in the same country, is the Connaught Rangers. This fine corps was raised in 1793, by Colonel the Hon. Thomas de Burgh. After performing a tour of duty in Holland, the regiment was transferred to the West Indies for several years. Having battled there for some time with "Yellow Jack," the Connaught lads were sent to fight the French in Egypt. As soon as they had assisted in breaking the power of Napoleon on the Nile they went to the Cape. The Peninsular Campaign next engaged their attention, and while in Spain their display of fine fighting qualities was such as to earn for them the unstinted praise of so severe a critic as the "Iron Duke" himself. The next occasion on which they met an enemy in the field was in the Crimean War. This was followed by the Mutiny Campaign of 1857, and the Zulu War of twenty years later. The 1st Battalion of the regiment, which is taking part in the present hostilities in Natal, sustained heavy losses on the occasion of the successful crossing of the Tugela, at the end of last month, when Lieutenants Conroy, Wise, Harling, and Hutchinson were wounded. At the battle of Colenso, on December 15, it was deprived of the services of its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Brooks, who was severely wounded during that eventful day's fighting.

The regiment now known as the Royal Munster Fusiliers, is a relic of the East India Company's rule, for it was as a "Guard of Honour" to the H.E.I.C. that the corps was first raised, in the year 1652. About a century later, however, it commenced that splendid career as a "fighting regiment" that it has ever since so conspicuously followed. Between the date of the battle of Plassey and the year 1869 it remained in India, taking part in no less than twenty-one separate campaigns. In 1874, it returned to the East, and, before seeing British shores again, went through the Burmah War of 1885-1887. The present is the first occasion on which it has seen active service in South Africa.

Another "ex-Company regiment" is the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, both battalions of which are on active service in Natal at the present moment. Here they have seen almost more fighting than any other corps, for one or other of the two battalions has been represented in every engagement that has taken place there, from that of Talana Hill, on October 20, to the recent crossing of the Tugela, at the end of last February. In consideration of their distinguished valour on this latter occasion, the regiment was, by General Buller's orders, accorded the place of honour in the pageant which he led, a few days ago, into the long-beleaguered Ladysmith. In connection with this circumstance, it is interesting to note that, just forty-three years earlier, the same regiment headed the force that marched to the relief of Lucknow. Its great gallantry in the present campaign has, however, cost the regiment a heavy price, and its casualty list has been a very long one indeed. Included therein are Lieutenant-Colonel Sitwell, Captain Bacon, and Lieutenant Henry, killed, and Major Gordon, Captains Lowndes, Sherran, and Hill, and Lieutenants McLeod, Perran, Hastard, Bradford, Dennis, Crawford, and Lane wounded. At Nicholson's Nek, too, the 1st Battalion suffered severely. Altogether, the Irish regiments at the front have acquitted themselves right valiantly of their country!

Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT ESMAE ALLAN PEERS VAUGHAN, of the 2nd Battalion the King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment), died of wounds received at Pieter's Hill during the advance to Ladysmith. He joined his regiment in 1898 and became lieutenant in November last. Our portrait is by W. P. Varney, Lichfield.

Second Lieutenant Charles Francis Irvine Wimberley, of the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment, died of wounds received at Driefontein. He joined his regiment in May, 1899. Lieutenant Wimberley was a son of Colonel R. J. Wimberley, of the Bengal Staff Corps (retired list). Our portrait is by H. G. Chase, Southsea.

Captain Edward Walter Cotter Dillon, of the 9th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps (joined February 15, 1893, captain May 27, 1897), who died of sunstroke at Wynberg Hospital, Cape Town, on February 7, was born August 22d, 1873. He was the only surviving son of Major-General Edward Langford Dillon, late commanding 1st Battalion 18th ("The Royal Irish") Regiment, who shared the hardships of the Crimean Campaign (medal and clasp and Turkish medal), and also served under Sir Hugh Rose in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny; and grandson of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Francis William Dillon, also of the 18th ("The Royal Irish") Regiment (China medal). The last scion of his race, with Captain Dillon ends the ancient Carlow family, whose motto runs "Auxilium ab Alto." The 9th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps was the first Militia Regiment to volunteer for active service in South Africa. Our portrait is by W. H. Jacob, Sandgate.

Major Henry Buchanan Riddell, 2nd King's Royal Rifles, severely wounded at Farquhar's Farm, near Ladysmith, on October 30, 1899, died from enteric fever at the base hospital, Pietermaritzburg, on March 16. He was at one time Adjutant of the 21st Middlesex Rifles. He joined the King's Royal Rifles from the Militia in 1879. He served in the former Transvaal War, was at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir in the first Egyptian Expedition, and at Suakin in the second Egyptian War. Our portrait is by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

Second Lieutenant John William Cottingham Wadling, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, who died of enteric fever at Naauw Poort, South Africa, on March 5 last, was but twenty-one years of age, having been born on September 22, 1878. He was educated at Kugby, and was one of the Shooting Eight when the School last won the Ashburton Shield. He entered the regiment from the 3rd Battalion (the Royal Berks Militia) only on June 25, 1898. He was the only son of Lieutenant Colonel J. Cottingham Wadling, late 5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

Major-General Edward Robert Prevost Woodgate, who has died

of wounds received at Spion Kop on January 23rd, joined the Army in 1865, was captain in 1878, major in 1879, and colonel in 1897, and held the local rank of major-general in South Africa. He served with the 4th Regiment (now the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment) throughout the Abyssinian campaign of 1868, and was present at the action of Arogee and the capture of Magdala. He was awarded the medal for that campaign. He accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Gold Coast in September, 1873, on special service, and served throughout the Ashanti War of 1873-4, including the action of Essaman, the repulse of the Ashanti army at Abakrampa, and the battle of Amoafu. He was mentioned in the despatches, and received the medal and clasp for that campaign. In 1879 Major-General Woodgate was in the Zulu War, and was present at the engagements of Kambula and Ulundi. He was again mentioned in the despatches, and received his brevet of major and the medal and clasp. In 1898 he commanded the forces in West Africa, when he was engaged in the expedition against the Sierra Leone insurgents. Major-General Woodgate was in command of the Ninth Brigade of the South African Field Force, and led the gallant attack upon the enemy's position at Spion Kop.

Second Lieutenant Astur Bertrand Coddington, 1st Battalion Essex Regiment, was killed in action in the fighting on the road to Bloemfontein on the 8th inst. Born October 8, 1877, he was appointed to the regiment February 16, 1898. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Lieutenant Hugh Martin Alers Hankey, 2nd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was killed in action at Paardeberg on the 11th ult. Born November 27, 1872, he joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment as second lieutenant February 22, 1892, and became lieutenant January 9, 1898. He was employed with the Egyptian Army December 27, 1897, till May 16, 1898. Our portrait is by A. Esmé Collings, West Brighton.

Paris Gossipings

(By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT)

WE have bad news from the Exhibition. It seems that the supply of plaster has given out. Though the officials still maintain that the inauguration will take place on April 15, it is now certain that it will be four more weeks before everything is in order. The late arrival of the Transatlantic liner *Pauline*, which has a large quantity of machinery for the Exhibition on board, will cause still further delay.

There is also the possibility of a conflict between the Paris Municipality and the Exhibition authorities regarding the entries. Over three million lottery bonds, each with twenty tickets attached, were issued. The authorities have now decided that at certain hours and on certain fête days several tickets will be required to enter the ground. After six o'clock in the evening two will be required, and, on certain occasions, as many as five will be necessary. This, certain Municipal Councillors maintain, is a breach of the conditions on which the City subsidised the Exhibition. The matter is coming up at the next meeting of the Council, and a warm debate is expected.

The enthusiasm shown for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was not confined to England; Paris also took its share in the observance. The Franco-Irish League was present in full force at a mass held at Notre Dame. The ceremony was, to say the least of it, a curious one. The leading spirit was a gentleman rejoicing in the very un-Irish name of the Comte de Macgregor, who turned up in full Highland costume. He bore the Irish Standard, which was blessed by the officiating priest, while a harpist performed Irish airs on his instrument. Comte de Macgregor is, however, at all times a very eccentric personage, and his attendance at a St. Patrick's Day celebration in kilts is not astonishing.

The sad death of M. Benjamin Constant's eldest son has aroused deep sympathy for the well-known painter, and has stopped all further developments of the unfortunate difference with his colleagues on the salon jury which a few days ago led him to resign from that body. The cause of the rupture was a picture which his colleagues refused to accept, and which M. Constant judged worthy of at least being received in the third category. As he could not convert the other members of the jury to his view an angry scene took place, which ended in M. Constant resigning his office and walking out of the building. An effort was made the following day to get him to return, but without effect. The next day he received the telegram from the Riviera calling him to the bedside of his dying son.

What was probably the last café frequented by the romantic school of French writers has just disappeared. It was situated at the Barrière du Maine. Victor Hugo, Thiers, Charlet, the well-known artist, Gericault, and other well-known writers and painters were among the visitors. Gericault, who was an excellent trencherman, looked after the culinary department, while Victor Hugo prepared the salad.

A curious example of the virulence of the disputes between political men in France in the last two years has just been given by the publication in the Press of the following curious document:—"In the interest of union and the defence of Republican ideas in the Haute-Marne, under the auspices of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Léon Mougeot, Deputy and Under-Secretary of State for Posts and Telegraphs, and M. Albin Roget, Deputy, have decided, of common accord, to become reconciled and to resume their former relations. All that has passed between them since November 10, 1897, and March 15, 1900, is entirely effaced and forgotten. In witness whereof they have signed the present document in double. Done at Paris, March 15, 1900.

"LEON MOUGEOT, "ALBIN ROGET,
"Deputy for the Haute-Marne. "Deputy for the Haute-Marne."
The cause of the dispute was, of course, the inevitable *Affaire*.



THE LATE MAJOR H. E. BUCHANAN-RIDDELL
Died at Maritzburg of enteric fever



THE LATE LIEUT. J. W. C. WADLING
Died at Naauwpoort of enteric fever



THE LATE GENERAL E. R. P. WOODGATE
Died of wounds received at Spion Kop



THE LATE LIEUT. E. A. P. VAUGHAN
Died of a wound received at Pieter's Hill



THE LATE CAPTAIN E. W. C. DILLON
Died of sunstroke at Wynberg



THE LATE LIEUT. H. M. A. HANKEY
Killed at Paardeberg



THE LATE LIEUT. C. F. I. WIMBERLEY
Died of wounds received at Driefontein



THE LATE LIEUT. A. B. CODDINGTON
Killed at Driefontein



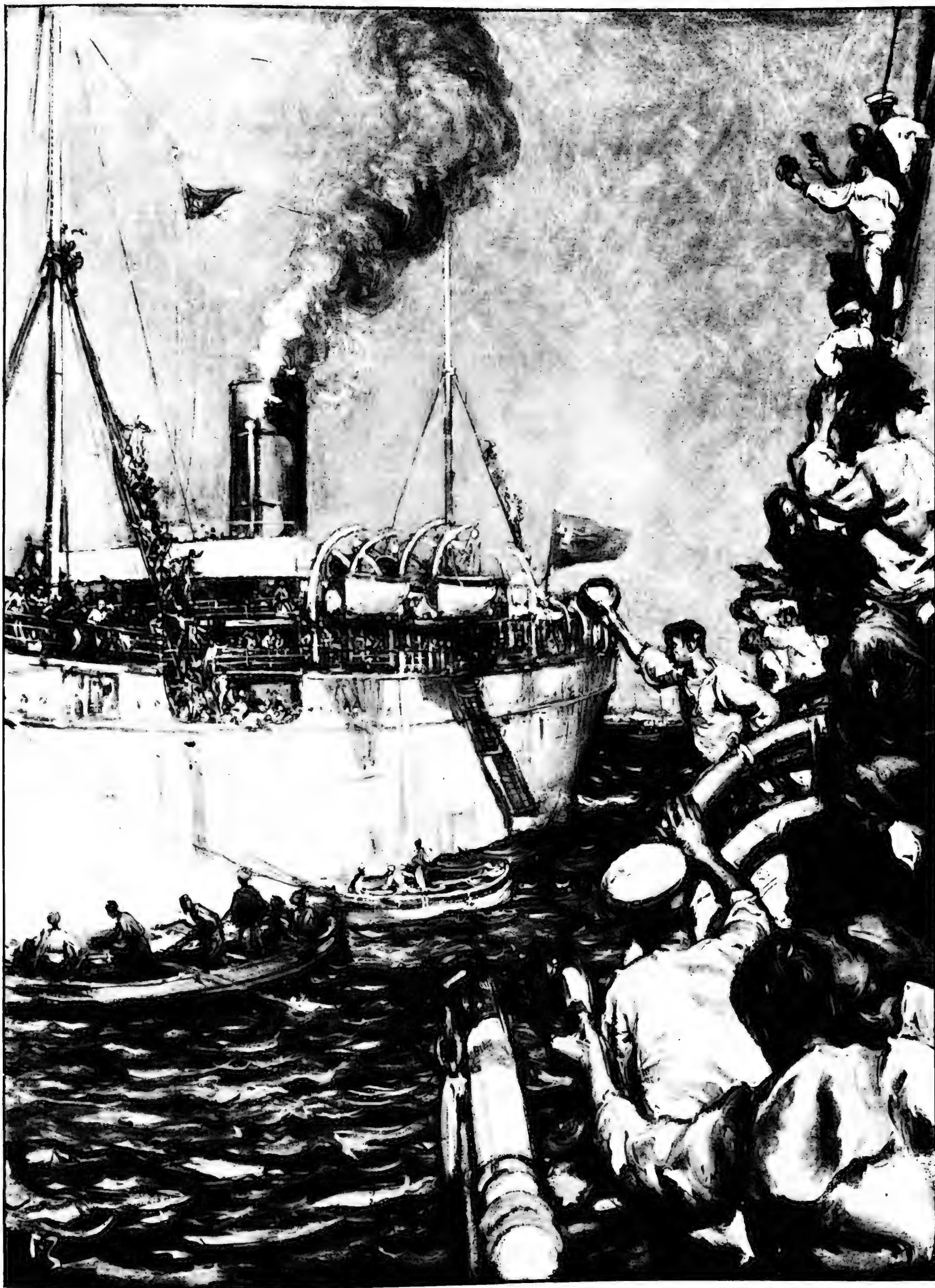
DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. OBERGASSNER, MUNICH

One of the cars in the carnival procession represented Sir Redvers Buller in a cage, bound for Pretoria, guarded by stalwart Boers. Above the cage was a placard in German, which said: "There is no turning back for me." The fun of the representation was that while the carnival procession was actually in progress news arrived of the surrender of Cronje and of other British successes, which cast ridicule on the whole idea.

There was a very pronounced absence of jubilation over this part of the show, except on the part of some English and American spectators, who indulged in sarcastic remarks about putting Kruger in General Buller's place.

A SHOW THAT FAILED: A CAR IN THE MUNICH CARNIVAL PROCESSION



DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SURGEON E. T. MEACHER, R.N.

The 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders sailed for the Cape from Suez on March 3. The men were brought from Cairo by special trains, and embarked on the transport *Simla*, which lay in the Canal. They were in the best of health and spirit, and delighted with the prospect of seeing further active service. Our

illustration shows the scene from the bridge of H.M.S. *Scout* as she was about to pass the troopship. The bluejackets manned the rigging and cheered the Camerons lustily

"GOOD LUCK TO YOU, TOMMY:" BLUEJACKETS AT SUEZ CHEERING A CAPE TRANSPORT



THE ROOM IN THE GRAND HOTEL, KIMBERLEY, WHERE MR. LABRAM WAS KILLED

MR. LABRAM AND "LONG CECIL"

In the various accounts which have now come through, giving vivid pictures of life in Kimberley during the siege, prominent reference is made to the famous big gun which was built by the resourceful garrison under the eyes of Mr. Labram. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes:—"Shortly after Christmas a skilled body of workmen at the De Beers workshops turned their attention to the construction of a new gun, and on January 19 we witnessed the crowning glory of the defence of Kimberley, the successful trial of 'Long Cecil.' Military men and others who afterwards came to Kimberley with the relief column were simply amazed when they saw for themselves this wonderful and, given the actual circumstances of its construction, unique weapon. 'Of all the

things that I have ever personally seen or read of in the annals of war,' one of them remarked to me, 'the most remarkable is the making of this gun in a mining workshop in the centre of Africa.' It was the idea of a really great man—Mr. Labram, the chief engineer of De Beers. When early in the siege he saw how impotent were our little popguns to cope with long-range artillery, he suggested to the military authorities the advisability of constructing a big gun in local workshops, and expressed a quiet confidence, which at that time was shared by few others, in the perfect feasibility of the scheme. After some demur his offer was accepted, and on the day after Christmas the task was begun, and the work pushed on day and night for three weeks. The rough material available for the purpose consisted of a good big billet of hammered mild steel, which was kept in stock for large forgings, 10 ft. long, and 10½ in. in diameter.



Mules are used to carry up ammunition to the firing line in action. Both the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the old "Fighting Fifth," are serving in South Africa. The 1st Battalion took part in Lord Methuen's arduous advance on Kimberley, and the 2nd Battalion has been with General Gatacre's Division. All three Militia Battalions of the regiment have been embodied, the 3rd and 4th being at York, and the 5th at Malta. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

AMMUNITION MULES OF THE "FIGHTING FIFTH"

"While one set of workmen were making the gun, another set were getting ready the 28-pounder shells to discharge from it. All was ready on January 19, when the gun opened fire, much to the astonishment of the enemy. The tragedy of the affair, though, was that Mr. Labram should have been one of the few victims claimed by the big Boer gun which he had built 'Long Cecil' to cope with." He was in his bedroom at the Grand Hotel about six p.m. on February 9 dressing to dine with Mr. Rhodes at the Sanatorium. A shell, the last big one fired that day, entered at the window, and burst in the room. Mr. Labram was killed on the spot. When the doctor who had been hastily summoned entered the room, the body was completely buried in the debris. Curiously enough, a black hotel servant who was in the room when the shell burst, escaped without injury. Our illustration, drawn by Mr. H. W. Brewer, is from a sketch by our Special Artist, G. D. Giles.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT ANGUS MCNEILL

On February 19 Montmorency's Scouts went out to east of Molteno to endeavour to intercept a Boer Commando, who were reported retiring that way from Penhoek. It was getting dark, raining hard, and a party of mounted men were seen approaching about 150 strong. They were within 600 yards of the scouts, who were hidden in a gully, pointing them with their carbines. Captain Montmorency, however, thinking

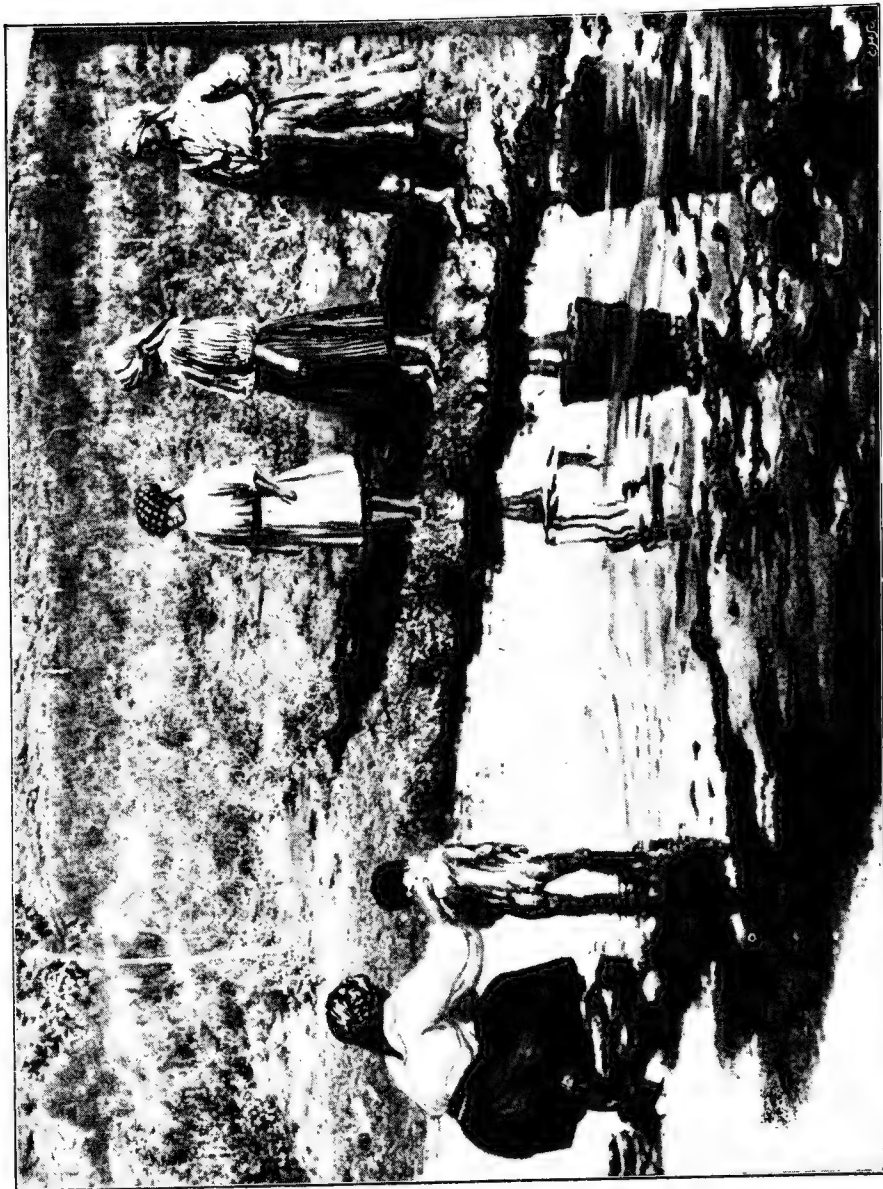
there was first a chance of their being a patrol of the Cape Police ordered his men not to fire. By their subsequent movements it was evident, though, the men were Boers. Captain Montmorency, it will be remembered, was subsequently killed in a skirmish near Dordrecht, and the famous little body of scouts is now commanded by Lieutenant Angus McNeill.

FRIEND OR FOE? SCOUTS AT WORK



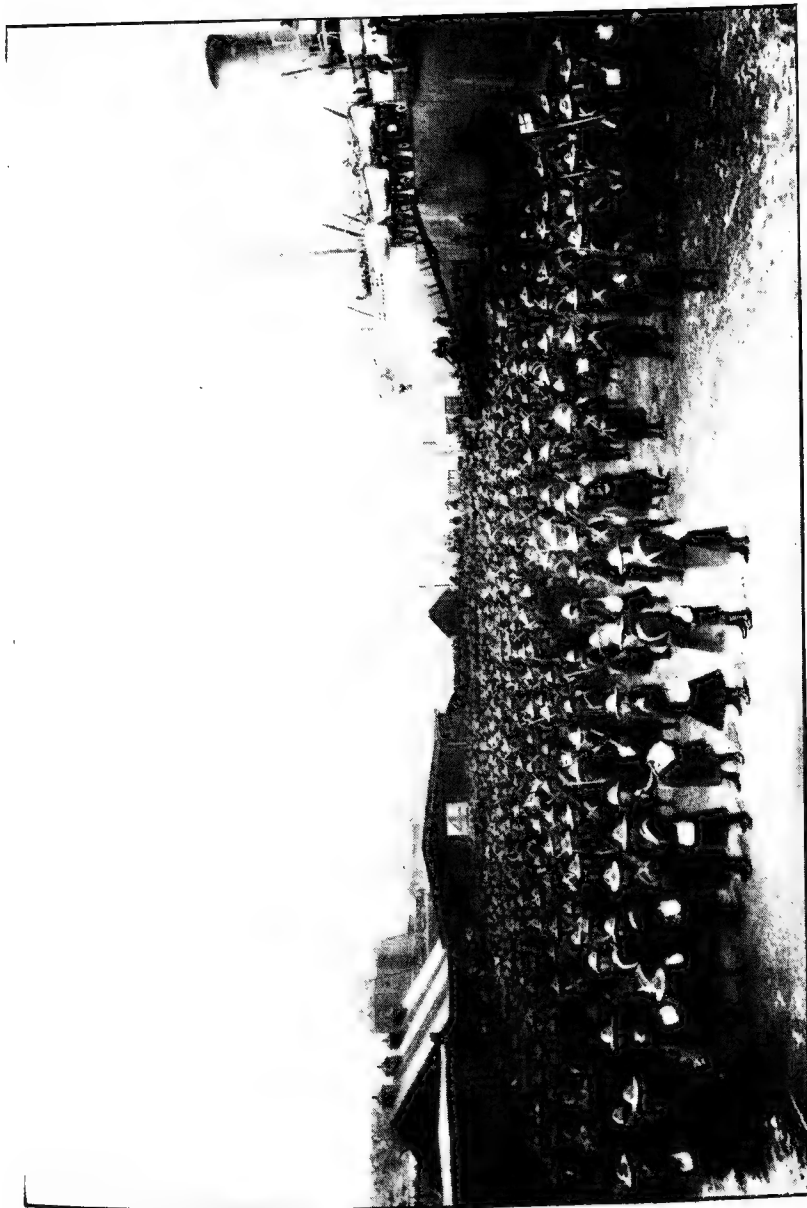
The Anglo-Indian force of Volunteers raised by Lieutenant-Colonel D. M. Lumsden, formerly a tea-planter in Assam, and an enthusiastic Volunteer, will be mounted chiefly on Katiawari ponies, from 13 to 14 hands high—why little animals, though at home in the roughest country. Of the men of the corps, a large proportion are planters. The corps has had a fortnight's training on the Moulmein and Lord Curzon delivered a farewell speech to the men at the Calcutta Docks, prior to their embarkation on the *S.S. Lurline*. Our photograph is by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

LORD CURZON INSPECTING LUMSDEN'S HORSE AT CALCUTTA



This picturesque group on the banks of a stream at Arundel was taken by a British officer. The place is on the railway between Nieuwpoort and Colesberg. When one reads of some of our troops being without a chance of washing for a fortnight, one cannot help thinking the little boy in the illustration is much to be envied.

"GOOD MORNING: HAVE YOU USED BLANK'S SOAP?"



The third division of the second Canadian contingent sailed from Halifax by Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co.'s transport *Miquikee* on February 12 for South Africa. The march through the streets to the transport was marked by scenes of the greatest enthusiasm.

CANADIAN TROOPS FOR THE FRONT: PART OF THE SECOND CONTINGENT EMBARKING AT HALIFAX



Canada has a large military force from which to take men for South Africa. The active Militia amounts to some 35,000 men, well trained and fit for service. Besides the Militia, there is the permanent corps, which consists of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Royal Canadian Artillery (three batteries), and the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry. The value of the Canadian troops in South Africa has been well proved, and Lord Roberts has congratulated the Earl of Minto on the good work done by them.

THE MEN CANADA IS SENDING TO THE FRONT: TYPES OF MOUNTED RIFLES



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

"Crossing a drift under fire," writes a correspondent, "is no joke, especially when you haven't enough space for your horse to move freely. At the spruit we were shelled by the Boers, who for it, plunging right into the deep range nicely. Fortunately the shells sank into the soft ground and did not burst. When we began to cross we got jammed. It was impossible to help it. The ford was deep, but the Colonial Horse went straight, struggling up the opposite bank in the teeth of the Boer fire."

ON THE MARCH TO LADYSMITH: A JAM AT A DRIFT IN A NARROW GORGE

The Defenders of
Kimberley

THE Imperial garrison sent to Kimberley for the defence of the place only consisted of the 23rd Company Royal Garrison Artillery, with six seven-pounder mountain guns, Major Chamier commanding; one section of the 7th Field Company Royal Engineers, under Lieutenant McClintock; Captain Gorle and three non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service Corps, and the headquarters and four companies of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, under Major Murray, in all 564 officers and men. The staff included Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich, North Lancashire Regiment, commanding, to whose foresight, tact and resolution much of the credit of this successful resistance offered to the Boers is due; Major Scott-Turner, Royal Highlanders (Staff officer); Captain O'Meara, Royal Engineers (Intelligence Officer); and Lieutenant McInnes, Royal Engineers. The Volunteer Forces, when first called out for active service, consisted of one Battery Diamond Fields Artillery, six 7-pounder field guns, Major May, three officers, and ninety rank and file; Diamond Fields Horse, Major Rodger, six officers, 142 rank and file; Kimberley Regiment, Colonel Findlayson, fourteen officers, 285 men.

Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, writing to the *Times*, has explained how for a fortnight before communications were cut off the work of defending the town was proceeded with rapidly. "A town guard of over 2,000 men, under Colonel Harris's command, had been enrolled. The Kimberley Rifles, consisting of 600 well-trained volunteers under the command of Colonel Finlayson, had been called out, Mr. Rhodes was busy buying horses to the number of about 800 for a new mounted force which was being formed by an amalgamation of the Diamond Fields Horse (a local volunteer force of De Beers workmen chiefly), of the Cape Police (numbers of whom had come in from outlying districts which it was found impossible to hold), and also of a number of raw recruits, making in all about 800 men. This composite regiment was under the command of Major (local Lieutenant-Colonel) Scott-Turner, of the Black Watch. They soon were drilled into shape, and under

Lieut. MacInnes

Captain O'Meara



Colonel Kekewich

Major Scott-Turner

THE OFFICERS WHO DEFENDED THE TOWN DURING THE SIEGE
THE "INNER CIRCLE" AT KIMBERLEY

Major Turner's leading inspired great terror amongst our besiegers."

Colonel Robert G. Kekewich, who was promptly promoted for his able direction of the four months' defence, entered the 102nd Foot (1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers) from the Militia at the end of 1874, and subsequently passed into

Major Scott-Turner." Brave as a lion, cool, clear-headed, and a born organiser, he had most successfully planned the defence of Kimberley, and but for his efforts, before Colonel Kekewich arrived upon the scene, it is at least open to doubt whether the hateful "Vierkleur" would not now be floating over the diamond fields.

the East Kent Regiment. Nine years ago, when a major, he transferred into the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and since June 1, 1898, has been Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st North Lancashire Regiment. Major Scott-Turner, local Lieutenant-Colonel, was the officer who led the several sorties from the beleaguered town. On the 25th the Kimberley Light Horse and others made a brilliant sortie, capturing thirty-three prisoners and driving the Boers out of their redoubts with serious loss. Our own losses were six killed and twenty-nine wounded. On November 28 Major Scott-Turner again led an attack on Carter's Ridge, but after having secured our line of trenches by a most gallant rush with about 80 men, Major Scott-Turner was killed, and with him 21 others, while 28 were wounded. With their leader gone, the few sound men that remained had to retire, being in an untenable position, exposed to the full blaze of the Boer riflemen, strongly entrenched behind sandbags.

"In Major Scott-Turner," says Mrs. Maguire, "the Kimberley garrison sustained an irreparable loss, and the people of the town felt that in losing him they lost their most gallant defender, a man who was always ready to risk his life in order to keep the enemy at a safe distance from their town. He was beloved by his men, and, as organiser of the Kimberley Light Horse, he deserved all praise for his untiring energy, and for the patience with which he drilled what were in many cases absolutely untrained men." A sentence in the diary of another besieged resident shows the general feeling on the day following this engagement. Hopes, it must be remembered, were entertained then that relief from Lord Methuen was imminent. "This is," she writes, "I suppose, the last day of the siege, as we can hear the guns of the relief column in the distance, it is also the saddest, instead of the most joyful, for last night we lost our finest, bravest soldier,



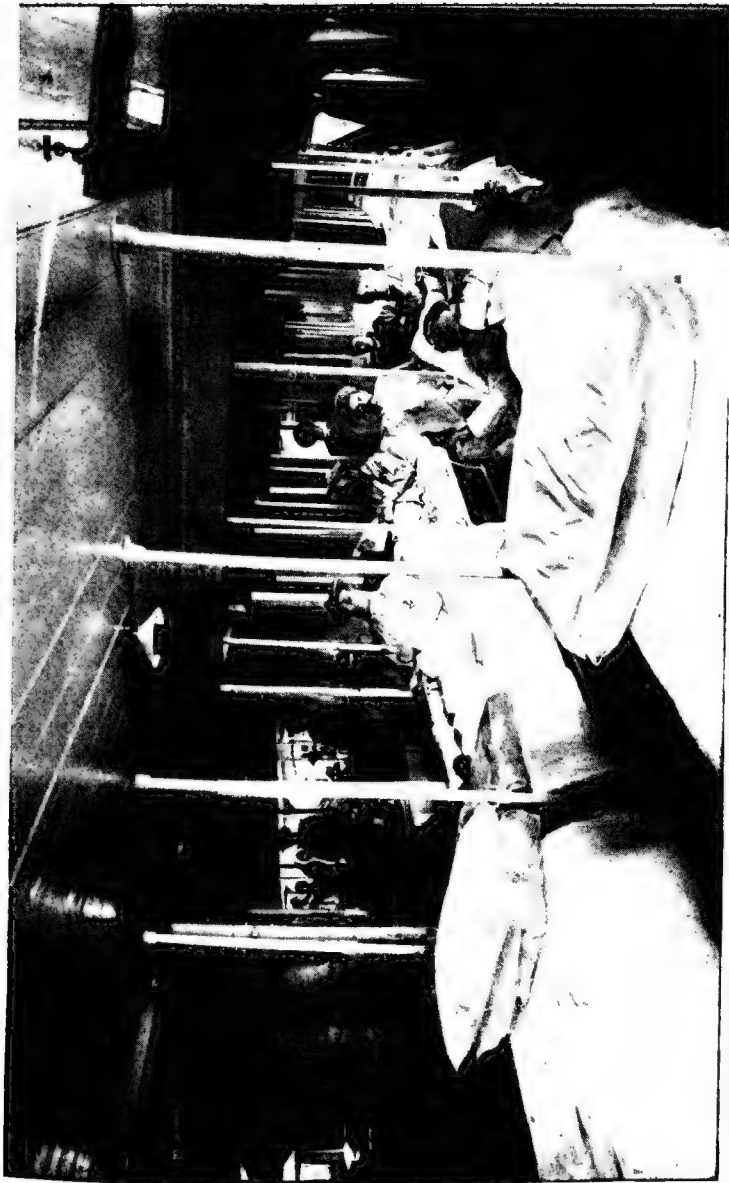
DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNETT, KIMBERLEY

The defence of Kimberley was conducted mainly by Volunteers, the only Imperial troops in the town when it was invested being the 23rd Battery Royal Garrison Artillery, a section of the 7th Field Company Royal Engineers, an officer and three men of the Army Service Corps and the headquarters and four companies of

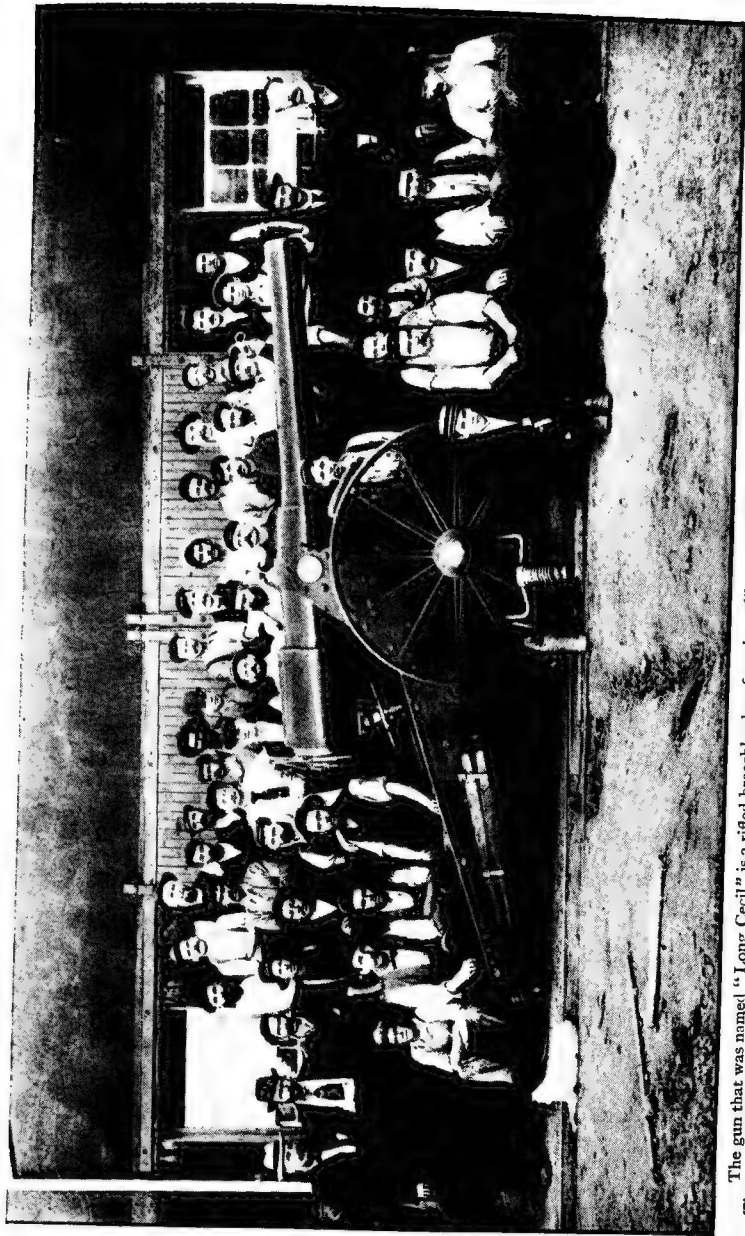
the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. The Volunteer Force at first numbered about 500, but very soon further regiments were called out, and others were raised and rapidly became serviceable troops

VOLUNTEERS MUSTERING IN CAMP AT KIMBERLEY



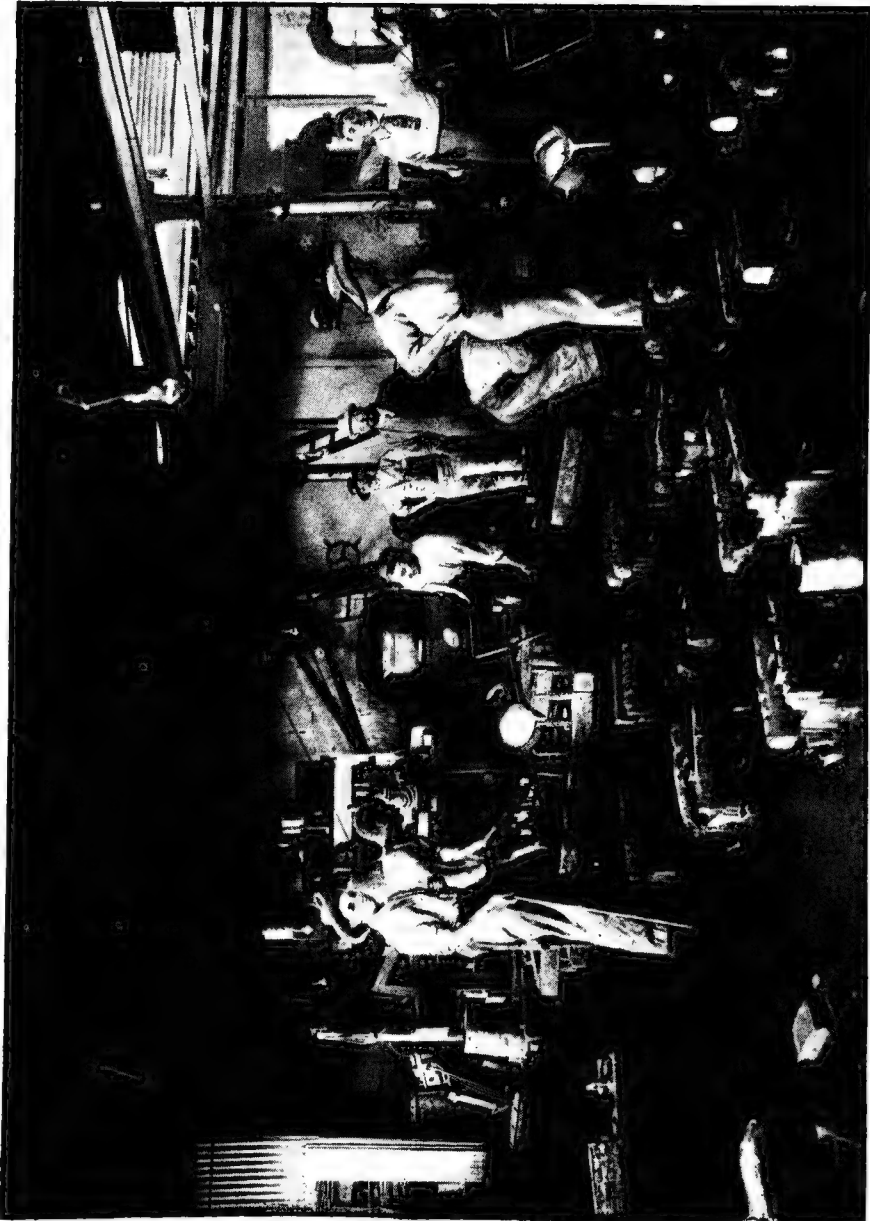
The four wards of the hospital ship *Maine* provide accommodation for 200 patients. The *Maine*, it will be remembered, was gratuitously loaned by the Atlantic Transport Company, as hospital to the Government for so long a period as the war in South Africa may continue. The free services of the officers and crew were also offered and cordially accepted. A committee of American ladies fitted the ship with the necessary stores and necessities for hospital work

ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE": THE WHITELEW REID WARD



The gun that was named "Long Cecil" is a rifled breechloader of 4.7 in. calibre, is 10 ft. long, fires a 29-lb. shell, and takes a powder charge of 6 lb. The range is 10,000 yards. It was made from a solid steel billet 10.5 in. in diameter, with a forged trunnion, and breech hoops shrunk on. It was begun on December 26, 1899, proved on January 19, and was in action on January 23. The head engineer to the De Beers Company, Mr. Labram, who was killed by a Boer shell, is here shown with his hand on the gun. Our photograph is by F. H. Hancock, Kimberley

"LONG CECIL," AT KIMBERLEY, AND THOSE WHO MADE IT IN THE DE BEERS WORKSHOP



During the siege of Kimberley the De Beers Company were engaged by the Imperial authorities to make shells for them. The pattern chosen was the ring shell, and the illustration shows the men engaged in casting the shell round the rings. The first shell fired bore the inscription, "With the compliments of the H. C. J. Rhodes." (The makers of the shell evidently forgot that Mr. Rhodes is a Privy Councillor.) Our illustration is from a photograph by F. H. Hancock, Kimberley

STRANGE WORK FOR A DIAMOND MINING COMPANY



The steamship *Nubia* is one of the twelve P. and O. ships employed by the Government in the Transport Service. The vessel has been fitted for the reception of the wounded, and when Sir William MacCormac visited the ship last month, he expressed himself as highly pleased at the arrangements for the care and comfort of the sick and wounded on board. The *Nubia* is 5,914 tons burden, and is commanded by Captain G. C. Henning, R.N.R.

A WARD ON BOARD THE S.S. "NUBIA"

British and Boer Artillery in the Campaign

By AN ARTILLERY OFFICER

ALTHOUGH it is not possible at the present time to know precisely the calibre and weight of guns the Boers have brought against us in the field, yet the information derived from official despatches and from the accounts of war correspondents enables us to have a fairly clear idea of the class of artillery the enemy possess, and how they have used it in the field.

Their artillery, as far as can be ascertained, includes—1. Machine guns of rifle calibre. 2.

Automatic Vickers-Maxim guns, firing common shell, weighing one to one and a-half pounds. 3. 12½-pounder, so-called quick-firing guns, firing shrapnel and common shell, but poorly equipped, and without that mobility which in Europe is considered essential for field artillery. 4. An uncertain number of semi-mobile guns and howitzers of various weights and power, up to pieces firing 100-lb. shell.

The British artillery, it need scarcely be said, consists of—1. Machine guns firing the same bullet as the infantry rifle. 2. Horse and field artillery, 12 and 15 pounder guns and 5-inch field howitzers (firing a 50 lb. shell). 3. Siege artillery units, or batteries of position, including 4.7-inch (45-lb. shell) and 5-inch (50-lb. shell) guns, and 5 and 6 inch (120-lb. shell) howitzers; also 12-pounder and 4.7-inch semi-mobile guns of the Naval Brigade.

As to the machine guns firing the rifle bullet, these pieces are not usually classed as an artillery arm, being attached in our service to infantry battalions, and used by that branch.

Their rôle is to intensify the fire effect of infantry by their greater rapidity and accuracy of fire, as compared with the rifle, and by their longer range. They are, therefore, of immense value during critical moments in infantry attack or defence, especially in the latter. Possibly their worth in the field has not hitherto been realised to the full extent, and certainly it is worth consideration whether the formation of batteries of six machine guns each, one such battery being attached to each infantry brigade, would not add greatly to their efficient handling in the field.

The Boers have apparently made good use of machine guns, and the heavy losses we have experienced in assaulting the enemy's kopjes have no doubt been largely due to their fire.

In addition to those of rifle calibre, the Boers employ a larger nature of machine gun, the Vickers-Maxim automatic 37-millimetre gun, known now as the "Pom-pom" gun, which fires a common shell weighing one to one and a-half pounds, filled with a bursting charge, the shell bursting on impact with the ground or against material, the rate of fire of the piece, the loading of which is automatic, being about 150 to 200 rounds a minute.

The very rapid fire of this bursting shell, insignificant though it is in size and destructive effect, has, no doubt, an irritating and demoralising effect on advancing troops, but as a man or horse killing gun, even with its rapid rate of fire, it cannot be equal to a modern field-piece firing shrapnel at the rate of six rounds a minute, since the latter showers some 1,200 bullets over a given area in the same time, the field shrapnel containing about 200 bullets.

The calibre (1.5 inches about) of the automatic gun renders it

useless for shrapnel shell, the capacity of so small a projectile being insufficient for both a bursting charge and bullets. The effective range of the gun is not more than about 3,000 yards, and although its shell is more effective than a shrapnel bullet weighing about ½ oz. against light material such as limbers and waggons, it would not be so against personnel, whilst against any but very weak shelter or earth protection its effect would be slight. However, this class of gun has, no doubt, contributed to the strength of the Boer defences, but our losses would undoubtedly have been greater had we been subjected during our attacks to field shrapnel fire, which does not appear by the accounts to have been the case to any great extent, although 12-pounder and heavier natures of shrapnel fire on the part of the enemy have been referred to occasionally.

On the other hand, we have now had for some time in the field a force of horse and field artillery thoroughly efficient both in numbers and in mobility and gun power, the 12 and 15 pounder guns used having the maximum of power both as regards velocity, range, and weight of shell that is compatible with extreme mobility. The country may well be proud of this branch of the service, which is equal to and in many respects superior to any artillery in Europe.

As to the results of our shrapnel fire, owing to the skilfully entrenched positions usually held by the Boers, it has naturally not produced a maximum effect. Lord Methuen wrote: "Shrapnel does not kill men in the kopjes, it only frightens them;" but, on the other hand, at Penhoek, it is recorded, "Our artillery (field guns) did such good work that the enemy were quickly driven from the ridge."

By an overwhelming fire of shrapnel, and frequently of common shell from guns and howitzers, the morale of the enemy has been so shaken that he has been unable to resist the infantry attack and has fallen back. The present campaign has afforded many examples of this, and it may be safely said that without this preliminary shelling, whether its effect has always been very destructive or not, the Boer positions could never have been taken. As to the use made of heavy or rather medium guns on either side, it must be acknowledged that the Boers have not been slow to take advantage of all means at their disposal for bringing comparatively heavy guns into quite advanced positions in the field. This has been accomplished by their having good railway communication, supplemented by oxen draught and Kafir labour. Had we on our side followed the same course, and taken into the field from the commencement semi-mobile pieces, firing heavy, common shells, it is possible we might have avoided some of our earlier reverses.

However useful such pieces might have been to us, had it been possible to provide them in the earlier stages of the campaign, as we have since done, it is, nevertheless, not evident that heavy or medium guns proved of much advantage to the enemy, even when used at the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking. In these cases the effect of their fire was more annoying than destructive to men or material, but the demoralising effect of a heavy bombardment, at long range, and to which no reply is possible, must be felt by the best troops.

In the other instances, where heavy artillery has been used against us in the field from kopjes and ridges, the effect of their common shell on our troops has been practically nil, and except at the above-mentioned sieges, mobile field guns firing shrapnel would have been of far more value to the Boers than any number of heavy pieces.

We have gained in this campaign, so far, further experience as to the requirements of artillery for field warfare, the chief points apparently brought to notice being—1. The necessity for having at all times ready a thoroughly mobile and highly trained large force of horse and field artillery, arms which cannot be improvised at need. 2. The organisation and equipment of a sufficient number of semi-mobile batteries of direct fire long-range medium guns, and also of howitzer batteries, both light and heavy, is pressing. 3. The need for organised batteries of machine guns using the rifle bullet and possibly also of those of higher calibre. Finally, our artillery in this campaign, splendidly assisted as it has been by the semi-mobile guns of the Royal Navy, has earned universal approval; and the services of the Horse Artillery batteries with General French's cavalry have fully justified the forthcoming increase to that fine arm of the service.



Our illustration, which depicts some men belonging to Sir Redvers Buller's force crossing a drift on the line of march to Spion Kop. In this description of country oxen are used, a lengthy team being required for each heavy waggon. The long marches over rough ground try our troops, but hard work and privations are cheerfully borne. The men seem almost to enjoy their toilsome marches. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. E. Middlebrook.

TRANSPORT TROUBLES IN SOUTH AFRICA: CROSSING A DRIFT

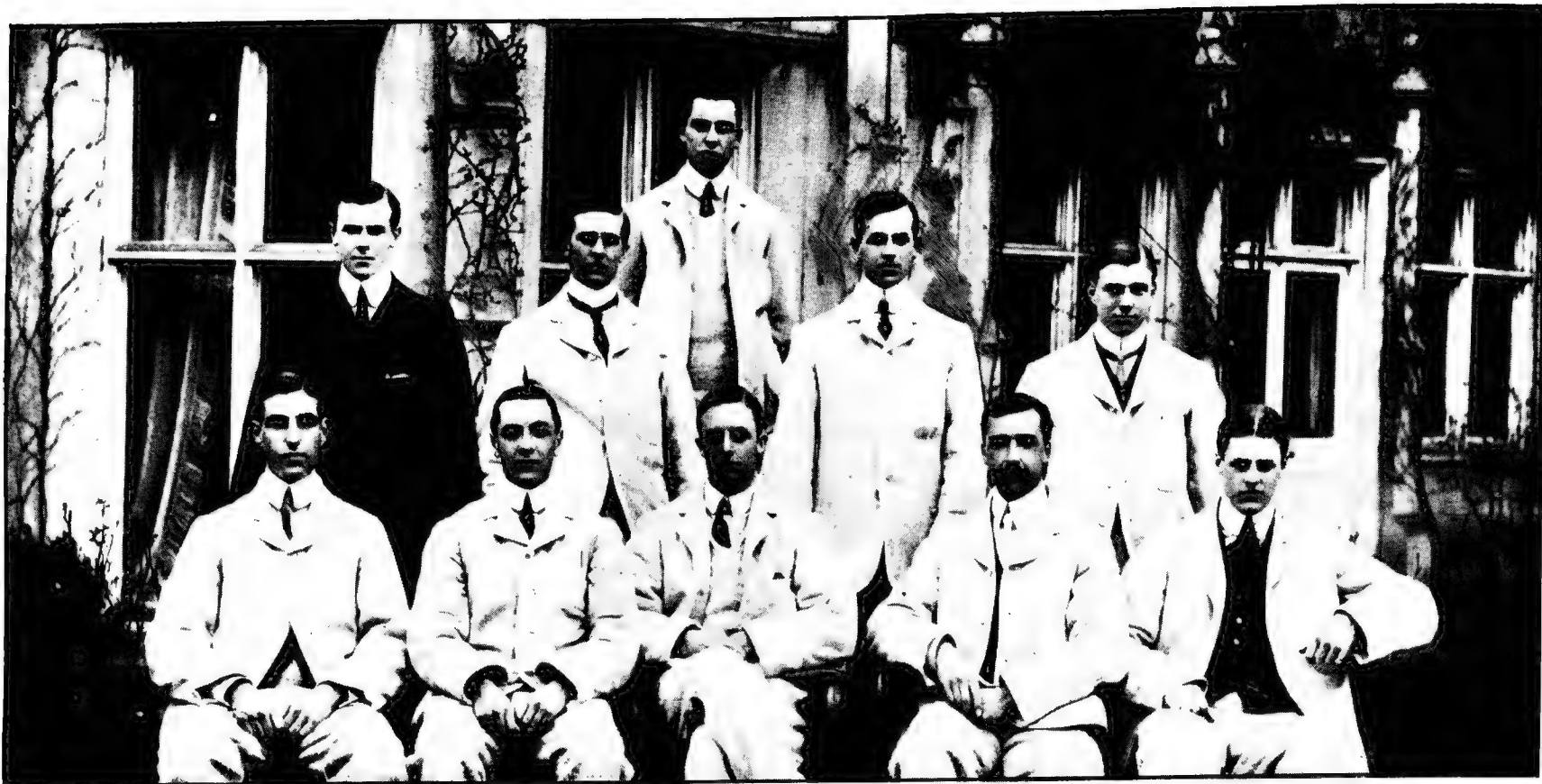
Our position on Spion Kop was made untenable by the close-range fire of the Vickers-Maxim 1-lb. shell gun used by the enemy.

Of Boer field artillery we hear next to nothing, that is of mobile field guns firing efficient shrapnel; but they are known to possess a few batteries of 12½ pounders, so-called quick-firing guns, some of which they captured at the time of the futile Jameson Raid; they also have a certain number of field guns of Creusot manufacture. But the few field batteries with their forces are badly horsed and equipped and lacking in that mobility which is essential for the proper service of field artillery. In fact, although they have artillery of all descriptions in the field, they have next to none that can be properly termed "Field Artillery."



The big Creuset gun, called by our troops "Long Tom" or "Creaky," has been the chief cause of injury to the beleaguered town. One of the last messages from Colonel Baden-Powell said that the enemy had been obliged to move the big gun owing to our advanced intrenchments being pushed forward, and had mounted it 4,000 yards due west of the Stadt, whence they deliberately put two shells into the camp of the women and children. Our photograph is by Van Hoepen

THE SIEGE OF MAFKING: THE BOERS AND THEIR LONG TOM, "CREAKY"



G. M. Maitland (spare man) C. J. Madie (2) G. A. Lloyd (cox) S. P. Cockerell (bow) B. W. D. Brooke (3)
R. H. Sanderson (6) J. H. Gibbon (stroke) W. Dudley-Ward (7) J. E. Payne (4) R. B. Etherington-Smith (5)
THE CAMBRIDGE CREW

Sport and the War

AN Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race which seems likely to be less a race than a row over is one of several striking symptoms of the effect which the War in South Africa has had upon sport and pastimes. On the Boat Race the effect has been direct. The Oxford coach, Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher, to whose abilities as an instructor the result of last year's Boat Race, when he lent his services to the Cambridge crew, is as high a testimony as ever a coach has won, has gone out as a volunteer to South Africa. If he had been able to return to his own University this year, one can hardly imagine that the Oxford eight, despite a casualty list which would not be inappropriate to a struggle of a more warlike nature, would have so completely failed to pull themselves together. In the coming cricket season the call to arms will make itself heard even more plainly. Mr. F. S. Jackson, the Yorkshire captain, and the best all-round amateur in England, has gone with his Militia regiment to the front, and Mr. Mitchell, that lively Yorkshire hitter, is out there too with the Yeomanry. Hampshire shorn of Major Poore (who holds the highest batting average for last year), Captain Quinton and Captain Wynyard leaves only one soldier behind—Bombardier Barton—and there were rumours that he was going to volunteer for service too. If he did Hampshire would be able to put a better team into the field at Pretoria than at Southampton. Football has sent Mr. Bell, who was a Scottish Rugby International, and who won his cup against England at Edinburgh two days before he sailed to fight England's battles; and poor Lieutenant Monypenny, who was killed. Golf has suffered the loss of Lieutenant F. G. Tait—wounded at Magersfontein and killed at Koodoosberg—the most brilliant, resourceful amateur of

this day and one of the most liked of men; and besides him has sent out with the Yeomanry another amateur champion in Mr. John Ball, junr. Somebody lightly said two or three months ago that these two would be able to play off the amateur championship in June over the links at Johannesburg. One of them will never drive a ball nor handle a lofting iron again. There are many others besides these, whose figures were familiar on the cinder path, the cricket field, the river and the links who have gone out to risk their lives and to give their lives on the South African veldt. A result which may be looked for from the War is that in the future, rifle shooting and cavalry training may supersede polo and some other forms of pastime.

Failing any accident Cambridge, which has both pace and staying powers, should take the lead at the Boat Houses and keep it to the finish. Oxford have stamina, though they go to pieces at a fast stroke, and may be depended upon to plug on to the end; but a plucky struggle is the best that can be expected of them. Their President, Mr. Warre, was taken ill at Henley, and his absence further disorganised a boat which previous defections and disappointments had rendered unsteady. Since then Mr. Thornhill, the Australian, has had to retire; Mr. Dutton, the spare man, has been called in, and a further alteration in the order of rowing has had to be made. Mr. Kittermaster is the heaviest man who has ever rowed; Lord Grimston is an oar who deserves to row in a winning crew; Mr. Etherington Smith is a brother of the No. 5 in the Cambridge boat. The stroke, Mr. Rowley, hardly gives the heavy men behind him time to finish the stroke out; but with the crew so short a time together his task is a very hard one. In the Cambridge boat, the "waist" is made up of the same sterling oarsmen who filled these places last year; and this nucleus was of itself sufficient to justify the expectations of a good crew. Cambridge

lost the services of Mr. Chapman, ordered off with his regiment to South Africa; but the bowmen, Messrs. Cockerell, Adie and Brooke, are, as a whole, as good as the combination of last year; and Mr. Gibbon at stroke is rowing longer and better. The coxes in both boats, Mr. Maclagan and Mr. Lloyd, held these responsible positions last year. Lloyd is slightly the better though the heavier man.

The University Sports to be decided to-day (Friday) are a good deal more open to speculation in their result, and Oxford have, in Mr. Thomas, a man with a higher reputation for the Hundred Yards than Mr. Hinde, Cambridge, but Thomas is said to be short of training, and the result is doubtful. Mr. Hollins, of Oxford, may beat Mr. Davison, of Cambridge, in the Quarter, and will certainly beat Mr. Shanks. The Half-Mile and the Mile are both rather mysterious races, because the Oxford miler, who won the half-mile and the mile at his own Trinity Sports, is a dark horse who is thought to be likely to create a surprise in the Mile. But the Cambridge miler is a runner of the first class, and at present it is likely that Oxford may take the Half, but that Cambridge will claim the Mile. The High Jump, on previous form, goes to Oxford, the Long Jump to Cambridge. Cambridge has the best Hurdler and the best Three-Miler, while Oxford may fairly book the Weight and the Hammer as certainties. Therefore, if Oxford realise all their expectations they should win the Hundred, the Half-Mile, the Quarter, the High Jump, the Weight and the Hammer, while Cambridge would have to console themselves with the Long Jump, Hurdles, Mile and Three Miles. But Cambridge has only to win the doubtful Hundred, Quarter, or Half to make a draw of it; and it will be seen, therefore, that neither side can look forward confidently to winning. Our photograph of the Oxford crew is by Hills and Saunders, Oxford, and that of the Cambridge crew by Stearn, Cambridge.



T. B. Etherington Smith (7) Lord Grimston (5) T. B. Kittermaster (6) R. Culme-Seymour (2)
C. P. Rowley (stroke) C. E. Johnston (3) C. W. Tomkinson (4) H. H. Dutton (bow)
C. S. Maclagan (cox)
THE OXFORD CREW

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: THE RIVAL CREWS

Why Officers Cannot Live on Their Pay

By ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT

WHEN the abolition of promotion in the Army was under consideration, the strongest argument in favour of doing away with the long-established system was that it directly tended to make the service a preserve for the sons of wealthy parents. To some extent it certainly so operated, and the public had fair justification, therefore, for being enamoured with the idea of felling the "Upas tree" which produced such detrimental effect. They were assured that, when once purchase was abolished, the son of poor parents would stand on precisely the same footing as the son of rich parents. How, then, has that prediction been fulfilled? As a fact, an officer without private means is worse off now than was the case before abolition. The pay remains the same, but the standard of living has risen in the Army as throughout the whole British community, and whereas up to 1871 it was just practicable for a subaltern without private means to keep his head above water by serving abroad, that has become absolutely impossible. I speak from experience. When I passed out of Sandhurst into the Line, a small parental allowance enabled me to pay my way, although not without practising stringent economies, but when that assistance had to cease owing to circumstances into which it is needless to enter, only two alternatives presented themselves—running into debt or quitting the profession in which I had hoped to carve out an honourable career for myself. Lest it should be imagined that I am painting too black the situation thus forced upon me—unfortunately, it is only too common—I will endeavour to prove from incontrovertible facts how impossible it is for any subaltern to exist on his bare pay, no matter how thrifty and self-denying he may be.

The pay of a second lieutenant, the first step in the regimental cadre, is 5s. 3d. a day; on promotion to a lieutenantancy, there is an increase to 6s. 6d. per diem. Except at the few foreign stations where colonial allowances are still issued, and in India, there is no addition to this meagre remuneration until the rank of captain is reached, when it jumps up to 11s. 7d. a day, and the recipient can, if not in a crack corps, just manage to balance income and expenditure. But during peace times, it generally takes eight or nine years for that grade to be reached, and the desperate problem for the impecunious officer to solve throughout that period is how to live without swamping himself with ever-increasing debts. Civilians with similar incomes are in a wholly different position; they can produce financial equilibrium by cutting down expenditure to the required level. But the subaltern—here lies the main hardship of his case—is under actual official compulsion to spend much more than he can afford. Even in economical regiments, and even if he be a teetotaler, mess charges alone absorb the whole of his professional salary. These must be paid in full; they form a compulsory first charge on his pay. But no

ture of a very onerous sort to the poorer officers. As for optional outlay, I see neither reason nor justice in drawing a hard and fast line between legitimate and illegitimate expenditure; whether in civil or military life, every individual has a right to spend in accordance with his means. The cruel hardship in the Army is that young, and often very promising, officers are compelled by their employer, the State, to be guilty of what is gross extravagance in comparison with the miserable dole with which their services are remunerated. "Equalisation of opportunities" for the rich and poor equally was the professed object of abolishing purchase; how far it is from being realised, numbers of ex-officers now fighting for their country in South Africa as non-commissioned officers and even as privates, know to their cost. Increased pay and reduced compulsory expenses; to my way of thinking these are the Alpha and the Omega of remedial measures, if they are to be effectual.

Our Portraits

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, who died last week at Naples, was born in 1837, and entered the Navy in 1850. While serving as a young officer he made two voyages to Behring's Straits and the Arctic Ocean. After that he served as a lieutenant in the *Ariel* on the East Coast of Africa, and distinguished himself greatly in action with piratical slavers on several occasions. As a captain the late admiral sat on a Foreign Office Committee on the East African Slave Trade in 1869, accompanied Sir Bartle Frere as naval attaché on his special mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar and Muscat in 1872, served as private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty during 1873-4, and served as senior officer on the south-east coast of America in 1875, from which post he was recalled in 1877 to command the *Britannia* during the time the two sons of the Prince of Wales were cadets on

Sir Edmund Douglas Veitch Fane, K.C.M.G., British Minister to Denmark, who died last week at Copenhagen, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Prebendary A. Fane, of Boyton, Wiltshire, and Rector of Fulbeck, Lincolnshire. He was born in 1837, and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1858, when he was appointed Attaché to the British Minister at Teheran. In 1863 he was made a third secretary, and in the same year was transferred to Turin. Three years later he became second secretary at St. Petersburg, and he afterwards served at Washington, Munich, Brussels, Vienna, and Berne. In November, 1879, he was promoted to be Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, where he afterwards acted as Chargé d'Affaires. He was transferred to Madrid in 1881, to Brussels in 1885, and in the latter year became Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. Here he afterwards received the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary in the absence of the Ambassador. He next became Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Serbia in 1893, and negotiated the commercial treaty between that country and Great Britain. In 1898 he went to Copenhagen as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and in the following year received his K.C.M.G. Sir Edmund married, in 1875, Constantia, daughter of General Wood.

Mr. James Lyall, the news of whose assassination has been received from Venezuela, was engaged in the service of the British Consul at Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela. Mr. Lyall was apprenticed to Messrs. William Johnson and Company, shipowners, Water Street, Liverpool, with whom he remained for a period of four years. On the conclusion of his apprenticeship he applied for a post in the Consular service at Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela. There were no less than 1,100 applications for the position, and, although Mr. Lyall was a month behind with his application, he was the successful candidate, being a capital linguist, and able to speak French, German, and Spanish, as well as his own language. He went out to Venezuela in October of 1898, and for six months during last year he acted as British Consul during the Consul's absence on leave in Europe. This unhappy ending to a promising career took place on February 21st last. Mr. Lyall left the Consulate Office at five o'clock in the afternoon, cheerful, and in good spirits, and at half-past eight the same night he was assassinated by a drunken ruffian who had previously tried to stab two others. There was, it appears, no motive for the crime, there having been no quarrel, and Mr. Lyall did not even know the man who had thus attacked him.

Mr. James Farquharson Remnant, who has been returned unopposed for the Holborn Division, has represented Holborn on the County Council in the Moderate interest for the last eight years, and has been Whip for his party. He has been chairman of the Theatres Committees of the Council, and his duties upon the Council have made him acquainted with every part of the Division, and given him a keen interest in its welfare. He is also a member of the Thames Conservancy Board. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



SIR R. G. C. MOWBRAY
New M.P. for Brixton



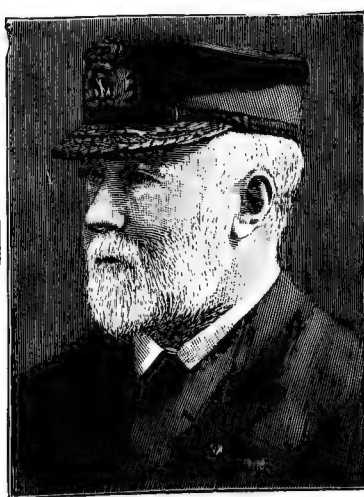
MR. J. F. REMNANT
New M.P. for Holborn



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD
STEWART
Governor of Chelsea Hospital



THE LATE MR. JAMES LYALL
Assassinated in Venezuela



THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR H. FAIRFAX
Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth



SIR J. FORREST FULTON, Q.C.
New Recorder for the City of London



THE LATE SIR E. D. V. FANE
British Minister to Denmark

less compulsory are his outgoings for upkeep of uniform and mufti, for washing, for his soldier servant, and for regimental entertainments. Thus, in one way and another, the subaltern, whether in the lower or the higher grade, is remorselessly saddled with unavoidable expenditure which, unless he has private means, surely conluct him to insolvency and to the resignation of his commission, leaving him stranded, through no fault of his own, among the derelicts of society.

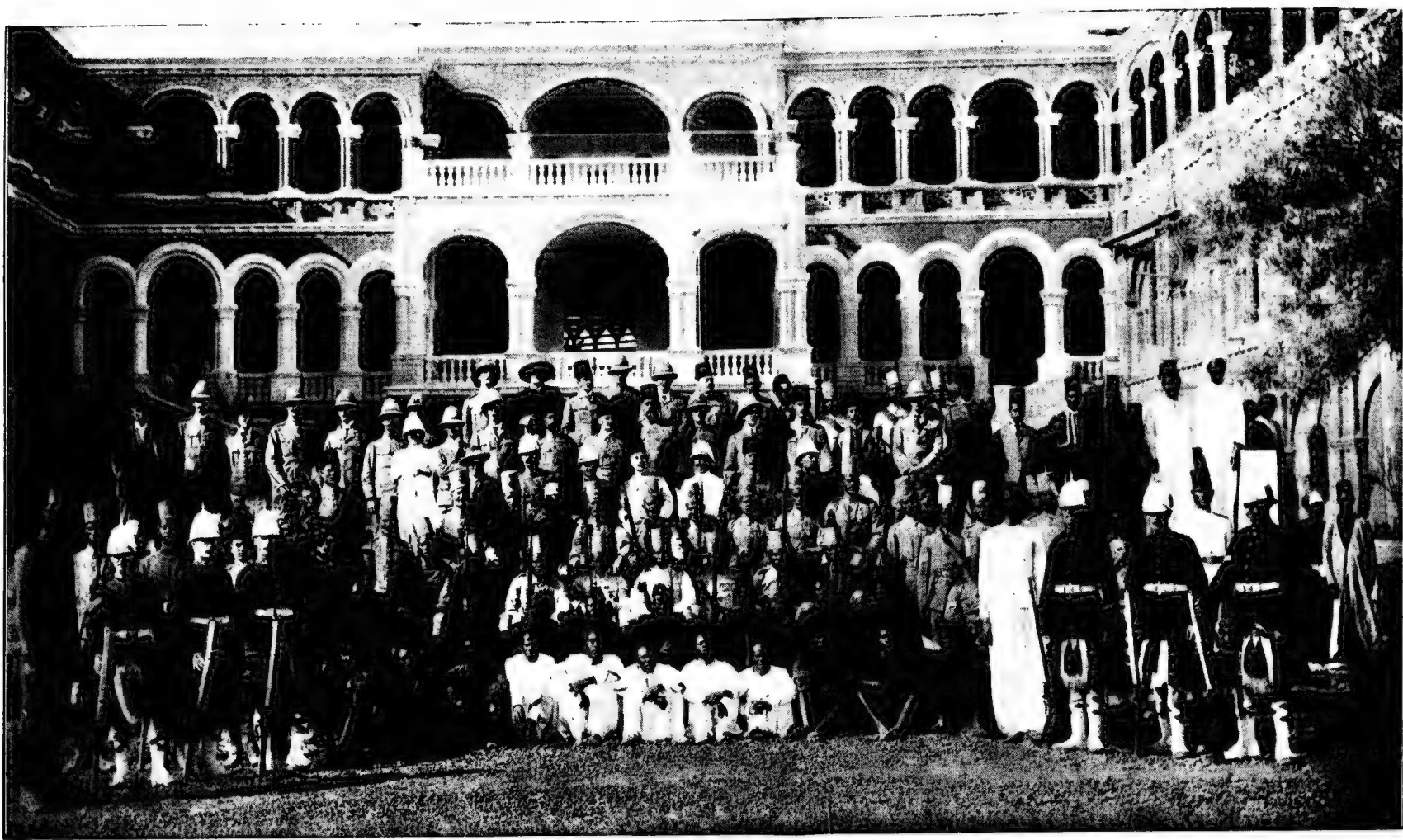
This is no fancy picture of what might happen; it is a faithful representation of what constantly occurs, as is proved by the frequent announcements in the *London Gazette* of the retirements of young officers after three or four years' service. I know of many of these sad cases, and in most of them the prime cause was not extravagance but the sheer impossibility of keeping out of debt. Recklessness is apt to be begotten, too, by the feeling that thrift and thriftiness are much the same in regard to making one sovereign do duty for two or three; I have known many young officers who gave way to despair at their vain attempts to solve that problem. As this deplorable state of things is as injurious to the Army as to its unfortunate victims, the head master of Harrow has ample justification for urging the necessity of substantially increasing the pay of Army officers. In my opinion, however, that is chiefly required in the case of subalterns, and only to a modified extent in the senior ranks. But, at the same time, compulsory regimental charges, especially mess disbursements, should be rigorously cut down. When on detachment, officers generally establish "scratch messes" under their own independent control, and the charges are invariably much lower than those at headquarters. I see no reason why 3s. per diem for each officer should not suffice to provide breakfast, lunch and dinner of plain, wholesome fare. At Chatham years ago, when the dépôt was under the command of the eccentric Colonel Jervis, that amount sufficed for excellent meals—quite as good as the majority of the young officers had been accustomed to at home. Lastly, stringent restriction should be placed on the number of mess guests and of guest nights; both involve compulsory expendi-

ture. In 1879 he became an A.D.C. to the Queen, retaining the appointment for six years. In 1882 Captain Fairfax commanded the battleship *Monarch* at the bombardment of Alexandria, and afterwards seized Port Said, for which services he received the C.B. In 1887, two years after his promotion to Rear-Admiral, he became Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Squadron, but was recalled to take office as a Lord of the Admiralty. In 1892 he hoisted his flag in command of the Channel Squadron, and in that and the succeeding year was one of the admirals for the naval manoeuvres. On the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday in 1896 Vice-Admiral Fairfax was knighted, and in the following August reached full flag rank. He succeeded Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle at Devonport last year.

Sir Robert G. C. Mowbray has been returned unopposed, in the Conservative interest, for the Brixton Division, in the room of the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard. Sir Robert Mowbray has been barrister of the Inner Temple since 1876, when he joined the Oxford Circuit, Secretary to the Stock Exchange Royal Commission, a member of the Royal Commissions on Opium and on Indian Military and Civil Expenditure, and Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Goschen when Chancellor of the Exchequer, from 1887 to 1892. He is a member of the Court of the Goldsmiths' Company, of which he was Prime Warden last year. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Sir James Forrest Fulton, Q.C., who has been elected Recorder of London in place of the late Sir Charles Hall, will meet with the approval alike of the City, the Bench, and the Bar. The new Recorder practised for many years in the Court of which he became Common Serjeant eight years ago, and after acquiring an extensive practice, took the post of Senior Counsel to the Treasury. Sir Forrest Fulton is a little over fifty years of age, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1872. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, who has just died at Algiers, was one of the most distinguished of the band of officers whose active service was chiefly passed in India, and who first became prominent at the time of the Indian Mutiny. He entered the Bengal Army in 1840, and served against the hill tribes in the Peshawar district in 1854-55. On the outbreak of the Sepoy War in 1857, Captain Stewart commanded the volunteers serving in the Allypore district. When all communication with the Upper Provinces was cut off, Captain Stewart volunteered to carry despatches from the Government of the North-West Provinces to the officer commanding at Delhi. This he performed with success, and on his arrival at the camp before Delhi he was appointed Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General, in which capacity he served with the field force throughout the siege of Delhi. In the Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68 Colonel Stewart commanded the Bengal Brigade, and commanded for some time at Zulla and Senafé. He was then rewarded with the C.B. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1877. He was in command of the Kandahar column of operations in the Afghan campaign from November, 1878, to April, 1880, and for his services received the thanks of Parliament and was made K.C.B. He commanded the field force which marched from Kandahar to Cabul in April, 1880, fought and defeated the Afghans at Ahmed Kheyl, and again at Oorzoo. General Stewart subsequently held supreme command of the army in Northern Afghanistan, and after despatching Sir Frederick Roberts to the relief of Kandahar, he carried out the withdrawal of the British army from Cabul and Northern Afghanistan. For these services he received the thanks of Parliament, and was made G.C.B. and baronet. In September, 1880, he was appointed Member of the Council of the Governor-General, and in April, 1881, he succeeded Sir F. Haines as Commander-in-Chief in India, a position he held until 1885, when he was succeeded by Lord Roberts. Sir D. Stewart was made a Field-Marshal in November, 1894. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



This group, outside the Sirdar's Palace at Khartoum, speaks eloquently of the work that has been done in the Soudan. In the place of the barbarous Dervish rule, absolute order with a sense of security is manifest everywhere, and one can even book a ticket from Charing Cross to Khartoum. In the group in the photograph

one sees the Sirdar and some of his staff surrounded by troops, British, Egyptian, and Soudanese, who form the Palace Guard. Our photograph is by C. C. Kikider, Omdurman

AN EVIDENCE OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUDAN



The men here shown, swearing to avenge Majuba, belong to Division I. of the Cape Mounted Police, which was stationed, when the photograph was taken, at Fourteen Streams, on the Transvaal Border. They used to stay at Logan's Hotel, and so called themselves Logan's Horse

LOGAN'S HORSE: SWEARING TO AVENGE MAJUBA

WHERE TO DINE.

LANGHAM HOTEL, Portland
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By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WHEN will some one in authority plead the cause of the poor horses? Last week I saw three or four of these patient victims fall down within a few minutes on Holborn Hill. The ground was like glass, and the distressing efforts made by the animals to recover their footing and remain on their legs must have caused considerable injury to some of them. One poor horse in a waggon slithered on his hind legs for about a dozen yards, then fell down, recovered himself only to fall down again; finally, after several attempts, he lay still, and looked round piteously for assistance. The horse's expression said as plainly as possible, "You see I can do no more." It is sad to look on at such unnecessary struggles. Our English climate is so uncertain that the streets are slippery most days, and, therefore, precautions could be taken in the matter of laying down gravel without fear. Thus much suffering and the loss of valuable animals might be obviated. The trouble is small, but the relief to the poor horses and to the feelings of the tender-hearted spectators would be great. It is a disgrace to London to see the small tenderness displayed towards suffering and willing beasts of burden vainly trying to perform their tasks.

Americans are always inventing some novel form of entertainment. The latest from New York appears to be a ghost party, where the guests (or *spirits* as they were supposed to be) entered from a dark room into a stage of light. Each one was led across the stage and announced by a preface from the orchestra, while a "witches' dance" was successfully performed. The costumes boasted great originality. One lady, who represented the ruling "Spirit of Gold," wore a gown of white *crêpe* supposed to suggest the snows of Alaska, with a mass of gold coins set round the edge of the skirt. Her hair was powdered with gold dust, and ornamented with nuggets of gold. "The Spirit of the Blizzard," the "Spirit of the Wasted Hours," and many others, gave opportunities for new and elegant designs, and the whole idea might be commended to the notice of those who organise fancy balls.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes most pleasantly in a contemporary about a feast for the nostrils, or the perfume party in Japan. You must go to it newly bathed and airily dressed, and not having partaken of any very highly seasoned food or strong liquor. The sense of smell is a sense which in civilised countries is far too much neglected. Many people have no sense of smell whatever, and those who have make little use of it. Magda says, in the famous play, "What can you expect from people who live in a stuffy room, smelling of lavender, peppermint, and tobacco?" Who does not know the smell, the odour, of a small draper's shop in the country, or of a Scotch bothie? Now this sense of smell, which goes only with a clean palate and healthy nerves, is cultivated in Japan like

a fine art. You are invited to enjoy sweetmeats as you would rare and succulent dishes here. Incense is costly, and therefore goes by various pretty names, such as "evening waft," "plum's breath," and "grass-scent," which, I suppose, answers to our "new-mown hay" and the "unspeakable." Connoisseurs in scents know them as epicures do various vintages by their body, their flavour, and their odour, and play a pretty game of guessing, which sharpens the senses and makes the nostrils keen. Here in England we are too apt to despise scents as effeminate, and thus lose one of the enjoyments conferred upon us gratis by nature in the country, where the perfume of the lilac, the clover, the bean-

field, the violet, and the lime-flower in their due season fall gratefully upon the senses.

If young ladies need any incitement to needlework they might find it in the report of the doings of the Naval Brigade who have played such a prominent part in the South African war. It seems that the men have made every article of clothing for themselves, and not only that, but have embroidered and decorated their garments with all kinds of treble stitches and cunning fantasies. English soldiers are taught by custom to despise needlework, but now they have found solace in knitting during convalescence in the hospital. Some lovely specimens of artistic embroidery were exhibited by Lady Hood and her daughter, Lady Ashburton, at the Amateur Art Exhibition, but plain needlework is unfortunately rather going out of fashion. Yet it has its merits, not only in that of usefulness but also as a sedative to the tired nerves and anxious brain. The woman who sews has a remedy at hand in trying moments; the gentle interest excited by work passes the time away and calms the mind, when reading or music become impossible.

One wonders how the Royal ladies find time to cultivate all their accomplishments. They are mothers and wives like other women, they never shirk the duties of representation and their irksome etiquette of entertaining, and yet they visibly pass many hours in music, literature, painting and modelling.

The Princess of Wales showed two charming water-colour drawings of flowers and fruit at the Amateur Art Exhibition recently, to which the Queen also contributed interesting miniatures. The amateurs themselves sent a number of well-drawn pictures. Lady Maitland, Lady Louisa Longley, Lady Muriel Fox-Strangeways, Mr. Adrian Hope, Lord Carlisle, and many well-known people were among the contributors. The sum realised exceeded that of any previous occasion, and the exhibits themselves were of a higher quality.

The Chevalier de Souza Correa's sudden death has cast a gloom over smart Society, where he was immensely popular. Hardly a gay function took place without him; his agreeable conversation and gay manners, and his knowledge of finance made him much sought after, and caused him to be regarded as a decided authority on difficult questions.

Now that the Empire period in dress is so prevalent in Paris, one wonders if shawls will become once more the fashion. Our grandmothers possessed one cashmere shawl at least in their trousseau, a habit still observed by the Queen, who presents each of her maids of honour with a cashmere shawl on her marriage. The Empress Josephine, who was an authority on dress, and passed much of her time in trying on and choosing new dresses, prided herself on her art in draping shawls around her. Lady Hamilton performed her famous posture dances with two or three shawls of various sizes, but I doubt if the woman of the present day would know how to wear a shawl gracefully. There is a certain elegance in the lines of a shawl which gives great distinction to a well-dressed woman, but scarcely agrees with the modern methods of athleticism. A woman cannot play golf or tennis, ride a bicycle or skate properly when draped in a shawl. Only the poor women have learnt the value of shawls as warm head-coverings and wrappers to carry babies in.



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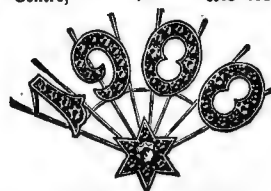


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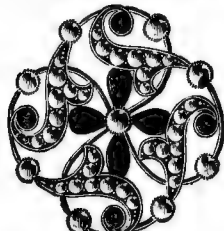
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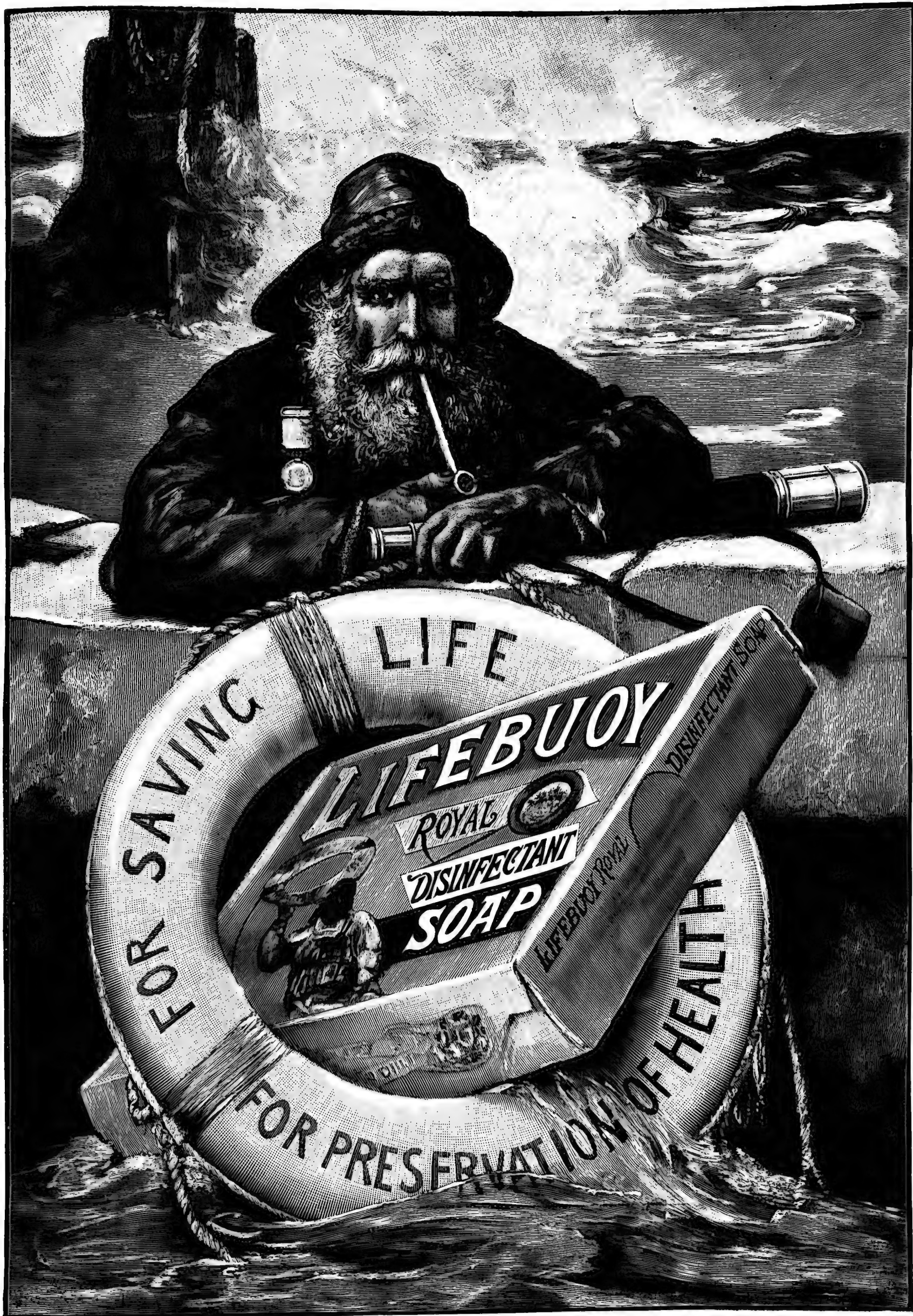
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MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S "The White Dove" (John Lane) has a very exceptional claim to attention. This is nothing less than his original discovery—for to this it amounts—of a trait of human nature which, though by no means obvious in itself, is recognised as soon as it is presented as being obviously true. His principal male personage, Sylvester Lanyon, is not only immaculate, but has every reason to believe in his living father, in his dead mother, in his dead wife, in his friends, and in the woman he loves, as types of all that men and women ought to be. One after another, his heroes and heroines turn out to have been made, even the best of them, of ordinary clay, leaving him at last as the sole representative known to himself of the perfection which has hitherto seemed to him the only degree of virtue worth regarding. A novelist of less insight than Mr. Locke would have made him turn cynic or misanthrope. Sylvester, however, after bitter experience has done its last and worst, finds himself less exalted by his own superiority than shamed into sympathy. The situation is forcibly brought out, and is prepared for and led up to—a by no means easy matter under the circumstances—with a complete effect of natural reality. The characters are apt to show their humanity by acting with a frequently irritating want of wisdom. But one of them, Sylvester's father, is a more than sufficiently pathetic proof how little worldly wisdom has to do with charm—a quality in which not many characters in fiction rival him. The story is sufficiently interesting, but it is in the underlying motives of its portraiture that its exceptional attractiveness is to be found.

"THE CAMBRIC MASK"

MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS has based a stirring romance (Macmillan and Co.) upon a portion of the disguise under which the secret society styling themselves the "White Riders" of an incredibly uncivilised district in the State of New York rid themselves of inconvenient neighbours by terrorism which did not, in case menace was disregarded, stop short of murder. Of course, as is universal in all such cases, the society is but a blind tool for promoting the private interests of the craftiest of its leaders: and the particular situation is further complicated by a kind of five-cornered duel between the chief of the White Riders, their intended victim, two financial magnates of the most degraded type, and the beautiful, refined and highly educated daughter of a drunken blackguard who keeps the village store. The victim in question, the model of a soldier and gentleman, simply bewilders the neighbourhood by his unmercenary pursuit of entomology, and by his genuine contempt for money and sense of honour. None the less does he prove more than a match for the most ruffianly of the ruffians, and for the most financial of the financiers—we need not say with whose aid and with what result, and we will not say how and with what well-nigh tragic consequences the aid was given. The characters are strongly drawn, the incidents are picturesque and exciting, and, indeed, the only fault worth mention is that the language is rather glowing at times.

"THE FINAL GOAL"

The title-page motto from "In Memoriam"—"O yet we trust

that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill," and chapter headings in accordance with an equally high-pitched principle of selection, prepare the reader for anything rather than what he will find in Bessie Dill's (L. Beith Dalziel's) gentle and uneventful story (Hutchinson and Co.). The ills that befall the Maitlands and their circle are such as might be incurred by any ordinarily well-meaning people with a rather more than ordinary talent for making the worst of things, and are never beyond setting right by anybody at any time. Innocence and self-sacrifice are taken so much as matters of course that one gets to positively hunger for the entrance of a villain—especially for one with a trifle of brains. Under all the circumstances the wonder is that the love affairs of young James Maitland—born out of wedlock, but by Scots law not irremediably illegitimate—should have taken over 350 pages to reach their final goal of happiness and home. The story is pleasantly written, and will no doubt be widely liked in a mild and quiet way.

"FOLLY CORNER"

There is a very captivating old-worldness about the remote parish in the Weald of Sussex which constitutes the scenery for the main action of Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney's "Folly Corner" (William Heinemann). It is not the less attractive on account of the difficulty in associating the manners, customs, and ways of living and thinking of the roughly prosperous farmers of long ago with these days of machinery, culture, and depression. And one gets the sensation of an anachronism when reading now of cycles and Liberty silks, and now of a rustic housekeeper with a band across her forehead, and ready to commit actual and literal murder upon any interloping young woman who comes between her and her keys. However, the Weald, no doubt, has its nooks and corners which the tide of time has left dry, and where one might even find so original a personality as "young" Jethro Jayne, of Folly Corner. It is not within the range of a sentence or two to tell how this quaint and rugged blend of manly fidelity, unconscious sentiment, and still more unconscious humour, succeeds at last, by merely being himself, in winning a girl of stranger mixture still—of strong will, and even of good sense, and yet the victim of an abject passion which she scorns for a contemptible and cowardly scoundrel. Such is the plot, which, by its nature, contains much that is novel, and never fails to be interesting, even when it fails to excite sympathy with such painfully perverse people. The subordinate personages are invariably life-like and amusing; and we feel an especial affection for Miss Nancy Turle, who would have chosen a literary career, "if," as she said, "I could only think of a subject and get somebody else to begin."

Rajah Brooke*

MESSRS. FISHER UNWIN are to be congratulated upon having selected Sir Spenser St. John, G.C.M., to undertake the "Life of Rajah Brooke" in their admirable "Builders of Greater Britain" series. No better author could have been chosen. He was a personal friend of the Rajah's during the latter's lifetime, and acknowledges him as his "first and only chief." This present

* "Rajah Brooke. The Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State." (Unwin.)

volume is, to a certain extent, an abridgment of the "Life of Brooke" written by the same author some twenty years ago. The story of the career of the English Ruler of Sarawak is as romantic as any volume of pure fiction, and must be of unceasing interest to all British subjects, be they Little or Big Englanders. Brooke, even as a youth, was strongly imbued with that spirit of adventure which in earlier times produced our Raleighs and our Frobishers. Some years before he settled in Borneo he had made an attempt, unfortunately an unsuccessful one, to trade in the China seas. Upon the death of his father he came into a fortune sufficiently large to enable him to provide for his wife and to settle a sum of money upon each of his daughters; then, and not till then, he fitted out a vessel and sailed on a voyage of discovery to the Far East. We have no space to enter into his adventures in Borneo before he became the ruler of Sarawak, but he had many difficulties to overcome and much fighting to do, and the story of his encounters with the Malay pirates and the destruction of their strongholds is as thrilling as many of the blood-curdling romances of our youth. The Rajah, like many of the pioneers of civilisation and upholders of British supremacy in distant parts of the globe, received but scant encouragement from the home Government. Had it been otherwise, British influence would have long ago been established throughout the islands of the Malay Archipelago; in fact, the author thinks that even now something might be done in that direction if no time be lost.

The Temple Library

MR. J. M. DENT is so assiduously adding to the library of Temple Classics that very soon anyone will be able to line a room with these beautifully produced little volumes, and find therein all that he needs in the way of literary fare. They are so pleasant to handle, so pleasing to look at, and so admirably selected, that one is in doubt where to bestow the most praise. Among the more recent additions to the series are "Plutarch's Lives," Englished by Sir Thomas North, in ten volumes; "Hesperides, or the Works both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick," two volumes; "The Sonnets of William Wordsworth," one volume; "Men and Women," and "Paracelsus," by Robert Browning, each in one volume; "Aurora Leigh," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; "Endymion and the Longer Poems of John Keats"; "Maha Bharata: The Epic of Ancient India," condensed into English Verse by Ramesh Dutt; "The Moral Discourses of Epictetus," translated by Elizabeth Carter, in two volumes; "Seneca on Benefits," translated by Thomas Lodge; "The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey," by George Cavendish; "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," and "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," by Lawrence Sterne, in two volumes and one volume respectively; "The Compleat Angler," by Isaac Walton, one volume; "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," by Thomas De Quincey; "Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers," selected by Basil Montagu; "Poems, Narrative, Elegiac, and Visionary," by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Where not otherwise stated the editions are complete in one volume. What a vast amount of space in libraries would be saved if publishers generally would follow Mr. Unwin's example and condense their wares thus charmingly.

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Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE celebrated Lord Thurlow once received a deputation of Non-conformists. When the appointed speakers had finished their speeches, Lord Thurlow said:—"Gentlemen, I am against you. I am an upholder of the Established Church. Not that I care for the Established Church, but I uphold it because it is Established. Get your sect Established in its place, and then I will uphold it. I wish you good morning, gentlemen." Six weeks ago the sham-rock was an emblem of rebellion; to-day it is an emblem of loyalty! It has merely been "established."

During the second half of this century there have been four foreigners who attained great popularity in London; they were Fortunato, D'Agelio, the Duc di Forli, and the late Chevalier Corea. The last, who was Brazilian Minister in London, died suddenly last week. M. Corea had lived long in England, knew intimately all the most interesting English men and women of the day, had been "behind the scenes" in many of the historical incidents of his times, and had the rare gift of being able to combine the various items of political news which reached him so as to make a complete picture of them. He was uniformly amiable, and on all occasions was prepared to put himself to some inconvenience to assist those who asked for his help.

The regulations of the service will compel two exceptionally able diplomatists to retire during the present year—they are Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the British Ambassador at Madrid, and Sir Horace Rumbold, the British Ambassador at Vienna. Sir Henry has suffered much from ill-health of late, and may, therefore, welcome the close of a long, active, and brilliant career. Sir Horace Rumbold—perhaps the most able British diplomatist of the day—has not that excuse, and it is to be hoped that Lord Salisbury may extend his term of office, as it was done recently in the case of Lord Pauncefote at Washington.

It is imagined by many in the West End and in the City that numerous opportunities for making money at Johannesburg will be forthcoming at the close of the war. That impression has caused many to go to Cape Town so as to be within easy distance of the captured city when the British troops shall take possession of the gold-bearing district. There is not much substantial ground for the belief. A few syndicates to work new ventures or to establish new industries may be formed, but these will not be sufficiently numerous to provide for the multitude of money-hungry men and women who are hovering over Johannesburg. Those, however, who have capital and are prepared to spend some considerable time in the Transvaal, may hope with better reason to profit by their enterprise.

Three Soldiers of Fortune*

EVEN in fiction we rarely read of three members of the same family who lead such adventurous lives as did the brothers Shervinton, whose careers are so ably recorded by their relative, Miss Kathleen Shervinton. Of these three sons of Colonel Shervinton, himself an officer who played a distinguished part in the Crimean War, Tom, the youngest, died before he was twenty-one years of age from the effects of the hardships he had undergone during the Zulu War, but even he had succeeded in cramming into his short life more fighting, more excitement, than falls to the lot of many an older campaigner.

The career of neither of the elder brothers was of long duration. Charles St. Leger Shervinton—Shervinton of Madagascar—died last year at the age of forty-five, and Will—Shervinton of Salvador—succumbed when he was but thirty-three.

In some respects the lives of these two brothers were somewhat alike. Both, the authoress tells us, were soldiers of fortune, absolutely fearless, and unswerving in their devotion to duty. As boys, both enlisted in distinguished cavalry regiments, afterwards went out as volunteers to South Africa, served there and won their medals. Both went into foreign services, obtained the rank of Colonel, and were promised that of General for distinguished service. Both served loyally and disinterestedly, and were treated with some ingratitude in the end. Both resigned their appointments, were asked to return, and refused. Both came home to die, and were buried in the same grave.

Charles was a born cavalry leader, and greatly distinguished himself as an officer of the Volunteer Horse in South Africa. When there was no more fighting to be done in that part of the world, Shervinton accepted the offer of a post in the Army of Madagascar. Here he showed that he was, besides being a grand fighting man, a master of military science and tactics, and there is little doubt that had the Malagasy officials shown less jealousy of himself and each other, and had followed out his plan of campaign, the French would have found that their difficulties were greater than they had anticipated, even if the result of the war had been the same.

The career of Shervinton of Salvador, was, if possible, more romantic than that of his brother. Beginning life in the same manner, he drifted, after the war in South Africa, to Central America, where, eventually, he became the leader of the cavalry of the Army of Salvador. During the war with Guatemala he displayed the most marvellous courage and good generalship. On one occasion, with eighty of his men, he held a force of twelve hundred of the enemy at bay until his reinforcements arrived, and thus saved the day. Of his men only ten came out of it. Shervinton himself was seriously wounded in three places, and left for dead on the field.

The Shervintons were brilliant examples of a class of soldiers of which, judging from the present war in South Africa, there is no lack in this country. Brimful of courage and resource, they were always where hard fighting was to be expected; no undertaking was too difficult for them to attempt, no forlorn hope too dangerous for them to lead.

* "The Shervintons: Soldiers of Fortune." (Cas ell.)

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE English climate is never so trying as at the end of March when we have passed the vernal equinox and expect at least a touch of spring. The strain of the winter has been borne more or less well, but well or ill it is regarded as over. The temperature, however, falls instead of rises, and the horrible north-east winds prevail, while clouds and thick air conceal the sun. The sunlessness of an English March is its greatest bane, and the want of geniality in the earlier spring is the cause of many crops yielding poorly. The splendid yields of wheat and barley, oats and pulse which foreign countries cannot emulate are really due to artificial cultivation. The farmer year by year fortifies them by rotations, helps them with fertilisers, and pulls them through crises with top dressings. If the land were confiscated by a Socialist revolution the wheat crop would fall from 30 to 13 bushels to the acre, for in this Sub-Arctic climate wheat will only yield 13 bushels unhelped by rotations and manure. The price of green vegetables, of cut and pot flowers, has risen 20 per cent. in the last fortnight, and all open air growths have been put back. The blackened blossom on the beautiful almond trees is a pitiable sight, and even the hardier yellow jasmine has often succumbed to the cutting winds.

THE AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS BILL

The Act in force is not perfect, but it would be affectation to say that the new Bill is welcomed as an amendment by either of the great political parties. The farmer is disgusted by its main provision, which is that the new privileges are only to extend to very small holdings. Why the really progressive type of farmer, the man with 100 to 500 acres is not to be helped, passes understanding. The landowner has still more serious right to complain, for there is no moral defence for such clauses as those which enable a farmer to create an osier bed or an orchard without the landowner's consent and then charge the latter with the price of the improvement. If osiers and apples were safe crops the matter would still be of a very unusual character, since an adult is not wont to be charged for what he has not contracted to pay for with another adult. But the public benefit might make a case were these things of their nature improvements. Unfortunately they are subject to ordinary laws of supply and demand. An orchard is not an agricultural improvement at all, save where the fruit is salable, and the value of osier beds is strictly subordinate to the demand for osiers.

DISTRESS FOR AGRICULTURAL RENT

The prejudice against distress for rent is so natural that it requires some hardihood to criticise legislation proposing to reduce the so-called harshness of the present law. We remember a discussion at the late William Morris's where an enthusiast was advocating the abolition of debt. A member of the Fabian Society pointed out that nobody would lend under such circumstances, and that the situation of "debtors" would become disastrous after what might

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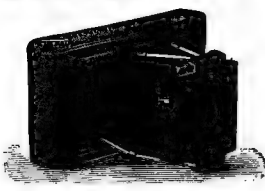
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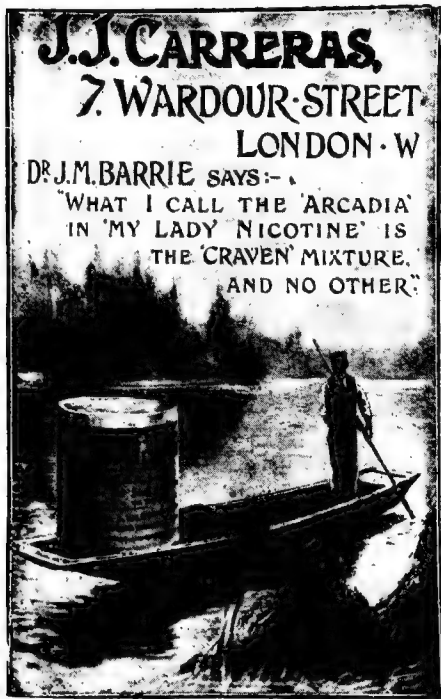
writes —

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CARRERAS' CELEBRATED SMOKING MIXTURE.

"Tobaccos are of Two Kinds, The Arcadia and others."—(My Lady Nicotine, p. 27).



"MY LADY NICOTINE."

Letting him be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will regard him as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or be requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at the door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia could ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Loggidge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia. I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture." Dr. J. M. BARRIE says:—"What I call the 'Arcadia' in My Lady Nicotine is the Craven Mixture, and no other."

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Invented by the 3rd EARL of CRAVEN.
1lb. Tin 9/0 Post free 9/4
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The spirit of Winter is upon you, Cold Winds, Cold Rain, and Damp Fogs will be your lot for months. Protect yourselves, take care, and nullify the effect of this changeable climate.

IF YOU COUGH, USE

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Let your lungs be filled with the vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar, which they give off whilst dissolving in the mouth. The efficacy of Pine Tar in all affections of the Throat and Lungs is well known, the best mode of applying it is by inhalation, and the mouth makes the best inhaler.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.
72 in a Tube for 1/1½.

Be Thankful if you haven't a cough or cold in these chilly changeable days. But, if you have either cough or cold, or any trouble with your lungs or vocal organs, be thankful for Géraudel's Pastilles. The real remedy for coughs, colds, and lung troubles

be termed "the first haul." The man who once fell out of work would quickly degenerate in status to that of a slave. In a minor manner, yet in precisely the same way, would the Government's new proposal to limit distress to one year as an absolute maximum operate as a tax on the farmer. His landlord may be "abolished"—that if Socialism is, at least, plain sailing—but if he be allowed to exist at all, it is the object of legislation to induce him to support the farmer. At the present time a landlord lets the rent run on for a year or longer under only one condition of affairs, when the tenant is engaged in carrying out agricultural operations of a wise and useful character, but extending over a space of time. We need only name such enterprises as planting raspberry canes, making strawberry or asparagus beds, and renewing orchards. If in future the landlord is to lose his rights at the year's end, in any event he will be bound to call in his money on the 364th day, and lengthy operations of value will be necessarily restricted and curtailed.

A WORD FOR THE SOIL.

In Acts now in force there is found this phrase, "inherent capabilities of the soil." This term has proved a fertile source of litigation, and the Government are now proposing to abolish it. In future, if the Government have their way, law courts are not to take into consideration "the inherent capabilities of the soil." At first the old law maxim, "interest ut finis litium sit," seems well served, but we very much doubt whether the end would really be that which appears to be expected. Has land no special characteristics? Are a water meadow and an upland pasture to be regarded as on an equality for all agricultural purposes? The proposed change in the law will, it is said, free the hands of the farmer, but it is by no means certain that it will not bring about a system of short lettings, so that the farmer who does not understand "the inherent capabilities of the soil" can quickly be got rid of. It will in future, of course, be impossible to allege such incapacity against him, and so, other means to control the situation will have to be found. There is a further danger that landlords will be set against "improving" tenants altogether, lest they should be charged also for advantages inherent in their own land.

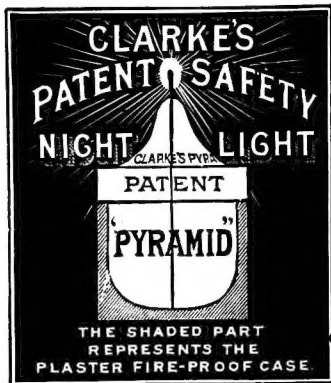
DOGS AND FARM STOCK

The Dogs Bill contains clauses against which the members for

urban constituencies are up in arms. We are here concerned with a curious rural provision. If a dog injures any cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, asses, goats, or mules, the farmer can claim damages, even though the owner of the dog did not know of any mischievous propensity, but if the dog bites the farmer or kills the poultry no action shall be taken unless mischievous propensity can be proved. This is surely a most eccentric clause. At a glance it would seem as if the draughtsman had lumped together all bipeds in one division and all quadrupeds in another. The odd effect of the clause would be that where a farmer saw a dog worrying his sheep he would carefully avoid intervening; for if in intervening he were bitten in the leg and laid up for a week he would have no redress, whereas for every sheep worried he would have a good case in the County Court even against a man who had no reason to suppose his dog had the ugly trick of attacking farm stock. The Government propose to prevent dogs from being found straying on farms between sunset and sunrise. This is an excellent provision if it can but be enforced, but if the rural policeman has to dodge round the stacks after errant tykes he may prove nearly as troublesome as the animals themselves.

The Final War
against ASTHMA, COUGHS,
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BY **GAMBIER'S**
ANTI-ASTHMA.
OF ALL CHEMISTS:
In Powder, 2/9; Cigarettes, 1/9.
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GILBERT, KIMPTON & Co.,
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THE PHAROHS ARE GONE, BUT THE
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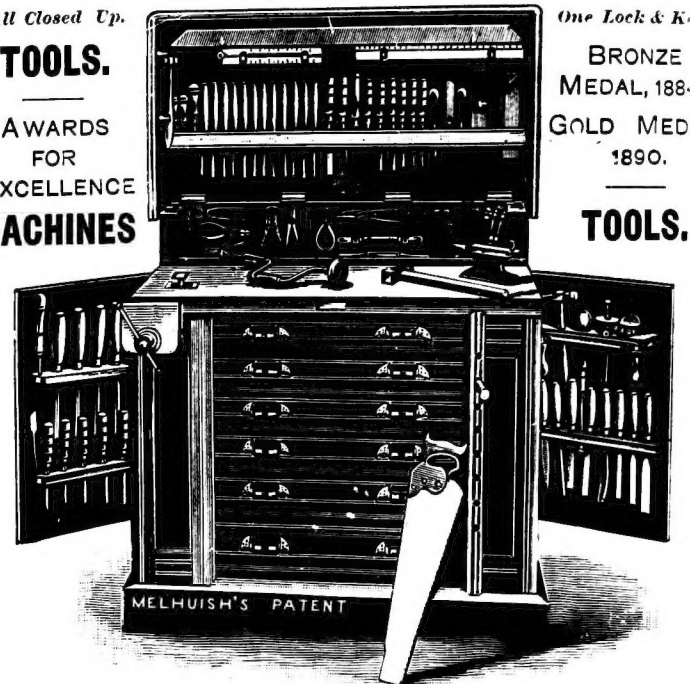
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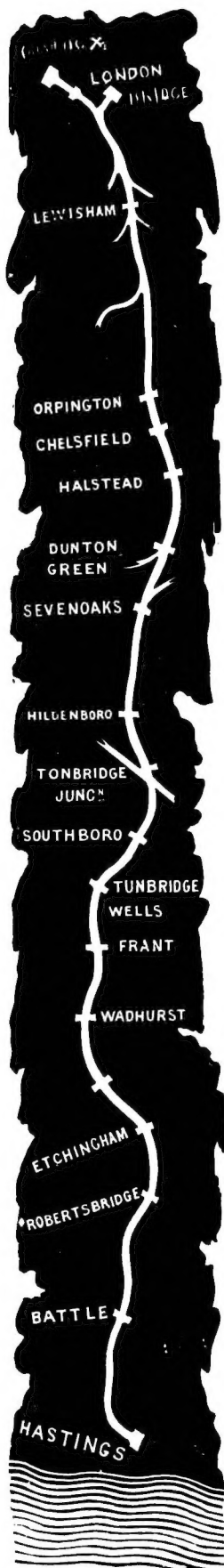
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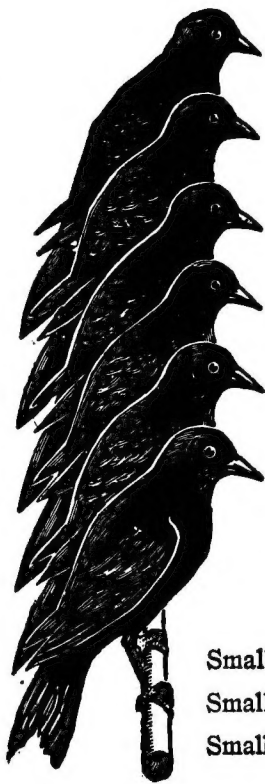
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